American MERCURY MAY 1955

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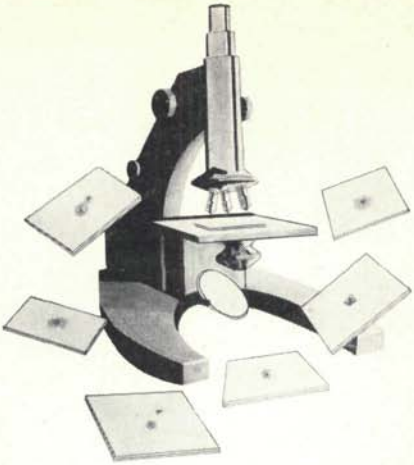

ORAL PATHOLOGY:

A visit to your family dentist may not call for any dental assistance other than to fill a cavity or remove a tooth.

Occasionally, however, an oral examination may show an abnormal condition of the mouth: a whitish patch on the soft palate, a troublesome-looking ulcer on the tongue, a swelling of the jaw.

Here the oral pathologist steps in to help your family dentist.

Scrapings of the "disturbed" area are subjected to many laboratory tests by the pathologist — a man trained in clinical research of diseases affecting the oral region. Results of your laboratory test may very well be favorable, disclosing a condition easily treated in the dental office. . . . Again, the examination may show very quickly that the white patch, the swelling, the ulcerated tongue is in need of immediate dental and medical attention.

The oral pathologist, at work in the school, the clinic, the hospital, is the "man behind the scenes" when the abnormal threatens your oral health. He is your family dentist's 'right hand man' and your good friend *in need.*

Know his name.

THE WEBER DENTAL MFG. COMPANY
Canton 5, Ohio

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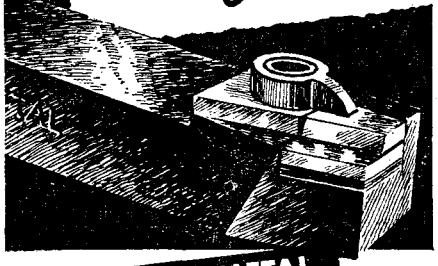

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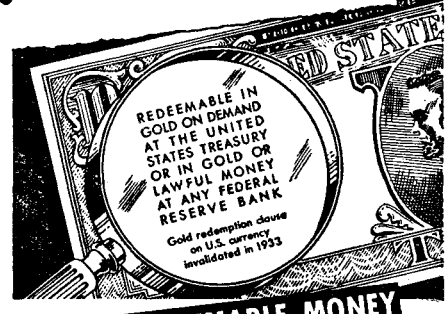

GOLD REDEEMABLE MONEY

SOCIALISM in America is slowly fastening its shackles on Industry. Year after year—bit by bit—citizens and industry alike surrender a part of their hard won freedom to a supposedly all-wise government. Freedom and self-reliance are exchanged for the myths of cradle-to-the-grave security and government protection.

KENNAMETAL—unlike Socialism which eventually brings equal poverty to all—helps provide more goods at lower prices for everyone. Our hard cemented carbide materials have helped triple metal cutting output, increased production of coal and other minerals, improved the durability of machinery and multiplied the efficiency of industry.

BUT INDUSTRY has not been able to pass these savings along to the public in the form of lower prices. The savings brought about by using Kennametal* have simply helped to prevent prices from going higher. This is just one example of how the fruits of Freedom are ground under the treadmill of Socialism. *Reg. T. M.

SOUND MONEY—GOLD REDEEMABLE MONEY is the deadly enemy of the Socialistic State. Socialism feeds on money that cannot be redeemed in gold. The wily bureaucrat who schemes for an all powerful state and the self-seeking politician who wishes to purchase his reelection with government handouts favor debasement of our currency to gain their ends.

DEFICIT AFTER DEFICIT and socialist scheming have been the result of abandoning the Gold Standard in 1933. Back-breaking debt and the loss of over half the purchase value of our life insurance, pensions, endowments and savings must also be counted in the cost. Unless we stop our mad extravagance we will leave our children a legacy of a ten-cent-dollar and the ashes of our freedom.

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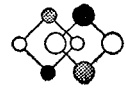

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THE HEAT BARRIER

BY GEORGE CARROLL

MAN, in his airplane, has smashed through the sonic barrier with a shout of victory — only to come full up against something still deadlier and more baffling.

It is the thermal barrier, or, to use the more popular term, the heat barrier. Man has discovered that the faster he flies, the hotter it gets, and the question now is simply this:

How much faster can he keep on going without burning up both himself and his machine from sheer friction?

Today no one knows the answer. More than one daring test pilot may lose his life trying to find out, for the heat barrier is full of mysteries — more so, perhaps, than the sonic barrier which Air Force Major Charles Yeager first conquered seven years ago.

Flying faster than sound travels (761 miles an hour at sea level) has grown commonplace since Yeager became the first human being to do

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it in the rocket-powered Bell X-1.

Yet supersonic flight is still pretty much of an unknown quantity. You never know what to expect at such speeds.

At ten times the speed of sound, even diamonds vaporize. So what of human flesh and bones?

Only this past February, 1955, our first truly supersonic fighter plane, the F-100 Super Sabre, was put back into the air after nearly three months' grounding.

The unpredictable Super had killed both its test pilot and an air commodore from Britain's Royal Air Force.

Now it has returned to duty with a new vertical tail and modified control system after a series of tests that Raymond H. Rice, chief engineer of North American Aviation Corp., the builders, said "uncovered phases of aerodynamics that have been relatively unexplored."

This is just one illustration of the sparsity of knowledge under which even the experts suffer when they come to grips with the problems of going back and forth through the sonic barrier.

"THE HEAT BARRIER is a far tougher nut to crack than the sonic barrier," says John F. Victory, long-time official of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Congress created NACA after World War I as the leading agency of the United States Government in the field of aeronautical research and development. Dr. Victory thus speaks with authority, from first-hand understanding.

Aeronautically speaking, "the heat is on" this year, turned way up beyond anything recorded to date. The reason is this:

Before 1955 is over, man is confident he will fly 2,000 miles an hour for the first time and climb to a new altitude record of 100,000 feet.

It is possible he will have achieved the goal before you read this.

The plane considered capable of taking man on such an unbelievable ride is the Bell X-2, a more powerful, stainless steel successor to the craft that Major Yeager flew through the sonic barrier.

Aside from its stainless steel, the X-2 differs in another very important way from the X-1 which now has a place in the Smithsonian Institution.

Curtiss-Wright, the oldest name in the American aviation industry, has outfitted the X-2 with rocket motors that can be throttled, even turned on and off, instead of operating skyrocket fashion.

This will enable the pilot of the X-2 to nudge the heat barrier rather than go crashing into its blistering precincts.

The X-2 has been under flight test for some time now at Edwards Air Force Base on the Mojave Desert in California, making ready to challenge the present speed and altitude records of 1,650 m.p.h., and something over 90,000 feet.

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Two thousand miles an hour, which is better than 33 miles a minute, would approximate Mach 3 (the speed of sound is measured as Mach 1 on the Machmeters which supersonic aircraft employ as you do the speedometer in your car).

The aeronautical scientists disagree as to just where the heat barrier begins. Some say at 1,000 m.p.h. Others insist, with a touch of humor, that it begins at a speed where as much power is needed to cool your plane or guided missile as to fly it.

But gasoline boils at 35,000 feet of altitude at less than Mach 1.5. Kerosene boils at Mach 2. In between, plexiglas canopies become plastic; nylon and rayon lose strength. Between Mach 2 and Mach 3, solder melts; rubber material, hoses, and fuel cells soften; and, finally, glass does too.

WHERE do such temperatures leave a flier and his airplane shooting through the heavens like a comet?

"Altitudes so high that human life is no longer possible may now be reached within a few minutes, and the full range of tolerable temperature is met within a single flight," replies Prof. Ross A. McFarland of Harvard. "Temperatures as high as 160 degrees Fahrenheit have been recorded in the cockpit of jet aircraft and 275 degrees Fahrenheit on the skin of a V-2 rocket."

North American's chief engineer, Rice, puts it this way:

"At speeds contemplated for the near future, tough aluminum will relax and lose much of its strength. Canopies of today's materials will soften like putty and pull from their foundations.

"Radar equipment may give the wrong message to the pilot watching his scope. Other electronic equipment may distort vital messages or put through no message at all. As for the pilot, he would simmer like a beef stew without refrigeration."

Because of the heat barrier, engineers like Rice must expend as much brain sweat today on the cooling of their newly designed planes as they do on the wings that sustain them and the engines that thrust them through the air.

They have devised an ingenious cooler, no larger than your hand, capable of converting a searing blast of 600-degree air into snow within two-tenths of a second. Another cockpit system, not quite so small, could freeze 175,000 ice cubes, each one cubic inch, per day.

One school of scientists say they've gone back to the Garden of Eden for a way of cooling our first supersonic bomber, the B-58 Hustler, which Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation is producing in Texas. Adam and Eve kept cool by sweating — just plain, old water evaporation.

Planemakers, accordingly, are providing for a heat sink in certain of our newer aircraft. A heat sink is nothing more than a place to dump,

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or accumulate, unwanted heat caused by skin fliction, engines, and pumps, until you can get rid of it. Both crew and craft will enjoy lower temperatures when the contents of the heat sink, conducted there from all parts of the airplane, are turned to boiling water and dissipated as steam in outer space.

The B-58 Hustler, then, would load on water as well as atom or hydrogen bombs — water for boiling and not for drinking.

It sounds incongruous, doesn't it, to talk of such tea-kettle methods of guarding our supersonic bombers against melting, say, on a mission against Moscow? What is this, anyhow, one might ask, an aeronautical revival of the old Stanley Steamer of grandfather's era?

Whatever it is, the heat barrier is responsible for scientific shenanigans like this being conjured to outwit it at Mach 3, 4, 5, 6 and up.

THE MEN concerned with our guided missiles have come forth with even more fantastic ideas. They don't have to worry about staving off death for a human pilot. At the same time, their missile isn't much good if its electronic guidance system melts and runs down the inside of the barrel like soup.

In wind tunnel experiments, they've been looking into the wisdom of putting an outer shell around the nose of their missiles, a shell that could go ahead and melt off en route without damage to the main part of the weapon. Whether it will work remains to be seen.

If it does, can we expect that inhabited aircraft, too, may one day have sections that will drip off somewhere around Kansas City or Denver as we waft coast-to-coast in half an hour? A seat in that area of the plane would be uninviting, particularly without a parachute.

It may be reassuring to hear from H. W. Adams, chief design engineer of the world's principal builder of commercial passenger planes, Douglas Aircraft, of Santa Monica, California, who advises:

"There are two basic ways to attack the heat problem. The first approach is to design the aircraft to endure the high temperatures. It is the simplest solution because it avoids the necessity for cooling equipment except for the people. But it appears at the moment to present almost insurmountable obstacles at even moderately high Mach numbers.

"The second approach is to provide some form of cooling arrangement over all."

Adams, you see, says nothing about meltable drop-offs, so the ordinary air traveler can unfasten his seat belt, sit back and relax. At today's DC-7 cruising speed of 365 miles an hour, he's not within singeing distance of the frypan.

But the missilemen deal in speeds up to 10,000 and 12,000 miles an hour and one of them, C. H. McLellan, of Langley Aeronautical Labora-

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tory in Virginia, ruefully admits:

"The structure of a steel vehicle flying at low altitude for a long time would melt at a Mach number less than 6. There are no known insulating materials that can stand up under the high temperatures, thermal stresses, and aerodynamic forces encountered at the higher Mach numbers. We just don't have them."

THE Stratos Division, Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation, Bay Shore, Long Island, has evolved some of the most radical types of refrigeration equipment for both planes and missiles. Its chief research engineer, Polish-born Jerzy Makowski, makes this observation:

"Unlike the sonic barrier, the heat barrier is not a fixed obstacle which one can jump over; rather, the faster the speed, the tougher the problem."

Even so, Makowski demonstrates no lack of confidence that the problem can be mastered, for he boldly predicts: "The excessive cooling loads associated with ever-increasing speeds eventually will lead to flight *outside the earth's atmosphere.*"

The Pole's prophecy, delivered last December to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in annual session, made no great impression on me, because space flight, at least in juvenile conversation, has become no more exciting than a subway ride.

But, then, a few weeks later I was chatting in the Sheraton Astor Hotel with a slender young man with jet-black hair who used to be a bottle washer in a creamery and he brought me up short when he said in the most matter-of-fact tone:

"One day I hope to fly out of the atmosphere," he told me as casually as though he were saying: "One day I hope to see Paris."

It was Scott Crossfield, a test pilot for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and first man to fly at twice the speed of sound, Mach 2.

"I don't say I'll *do* it, but I certainly hope to," Crossfield said of his ambition to investigate outer space.

Where the earth's atmosphere ends and outer space begins is an unsettled scientific question in which Crossfield declines to get involved on the public record. The dividing line has been put anywhere from just beyond 100,000 feet to 180 miles.

What would Scott Crossfield encounter up — or out — there?

Frederick H. Green, a preliminary designer for AiResearch Manufacturing Division of the Garrett Corporation in Los Angeles, which has done much aircraft and missile refrigeration, declares this choice would confront a man in a present-day plane flying anywhere between 100,000 and 400,000 feet up: fly fast enough to keep going, and burn himself up — or fly slow enough to keep from burning, and fall down.

The heat barrier, if you take Green at his word, presents an unhappy prospect either way you go about it.

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Throw Away Your Alarm Clock

By JACK VOELPEL

EVERY DAY some 150,000 heavy sleepers in the United States require assistance in waking up. In fact, they're so afraid of oversleeping, they send themselves a daily telegram and assign Western Union the job of getting them out of the "sack" and off to work on time.

About 75,000 of these Morpheus-lovers are New Yorkers. Just why New York leads the nation in the number of people who cannot get up without Western Union assistance is a matter of speculation. A company official guesses that "maybe it's because New Yorkers work harder, play harder, and therefore, sleep harder."

But there are plenty of heavy sleepers scattered over other parts of the country. The metropolitan Los Angeles area can claim about 24,000 subscribers annually to this service. Other city totals are: Washington, D. C., 16,000; San Francisco, 15,000; Chicago, 13,000; Detroit, 4,000; and St. Louis, 3,000. Although the pattern is not entirely clear, it would almost be safe to say that the Midwest has the most rugged individualists — they can get themselves up without outside assistance.

Most of the people who use the service have a chronic problem when it comes to getting up, for Western Union reports that about 75 per cent of them are "steadies," that is, daily repeaters, except for Saturdays and Sundays. Many of these "steadies" are completely immune to alarm clocks, air raid sirens, the twitter of birds, or what-have-you. Only a ringing telephone seems to jolt them out of the "sleep that knits the raveled sleeve of care."

For example, one daily user of the service for years is a New York City school teacher who likes to stay up late. Yet, no matter how hard she tries, she just can't get up by herself. She needs to hear that telephone ringing every morning or else she just doesn't wake up.

Doctors say it's due to "selective nerve reaction." In other words, says Western Union, "The brain associates certain sounds with emergency. These sounds alert the nerv-

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ous system even though a person is sound asleep. If a sound has no emergency association, even though it's loud, it leaves a heavy sleeper undisturbed." The company has no report of any of its steady customers developing, over a period of years, an immunity to the ringing of the telephone.

THE rapidly-expanding telephone awakening service of Western Union actually began by accident about 1936 or 1937 in response to urgent pleadings by an early morning disc jockey in Washington, D. C., who had to be at the studio at 6 A.M. He had great difficulty in arising at such an early hour and decided to send himself a telegram each morning. As the innovation became a habit, he spread the word via his radio program. Before Western Union realized it, it was in the "wake up" business in a big way, and the idea quickly spread to other sections of the country.

Traffic, according to Western Union, generally remains steady throughout the year, although it is reported that when Congress recesses in Washington, the requests to be called in that area usually slack off. The heaviest volume comes on the first work day following a three-day weekend which includes a holiday. For some reason, people hate to get up after a holiday.

The company also reports that about 75 per cent of the calls are for 7 A.M. or earlier, with the remainder for around-the-clock delivery. There generally is some slight increase in traffic just after daylight saving time goes into effect. The company also reports that winter is its most challenging season. Somehow, a customer buried under several warm blankets can barely move, let alone wake up by himself.

Actually, Western Union has made it rather easy to obtain this service. All the heavy sleeper does is to phone, give his name and telephone number, and tell the Western Union operator what time he wants to get up. He can do this before he goes to bed, or a week prior to the important engagement, or he can leave the request on a continuing basis.

As the hands of the clock hit the desired objective, the Western Union operator will set the wheels of progress in motion. Perhaps the customer doesn't answer on the first ring. She lets the telephone ring again. And again. And again. Finally, she will get a reply, which may be intelligible or completely unintelligible, and it usually sounds like the dark mutterings of an African native who has never been out of the jungle. However, she is required by the rules of the game to announce brightly the coming of a new day.

"Good morning! This is Western Union. It's seven o'clock. Lovely day."

Whether the day is good, bad, or indifferent, the operator will announce that it's a "lovely day." Western Union has used a bit of

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psychology here. "Starts them out right," a company official said. "If it's a bad day, they'll find out soon enough for themselves."

WESTERN UNION, of course, cannot guarantee that the sleepy one will not go back to sleep. Therefore, many people request that they be called at specific ten or fifteen minute intervals. One gentleman who had been partying until 4 A.M. called Western Union at that hour. He had an important business conference later the same morning and absolutely had to be at the office at 9:30. He asked Western Union to keep ringing him, beginning at 7 A.M. until he indicated that he was positively up and about.

Like the mailmen of the U. S. Postal Service, neither wind, sleet, rain nor dark of night will keep the Western Union wake-up operators from batting a perfect 100 per cent. As a result of a heavy snowstorm in the Washington area, the telephone wire to one of the telegraph company's regular wake-up subscribers was down. What to do? The wake-up operator simply put in a call to the nearest farmhouse, which was about two miles distant, and sweet-talked the neighbor into riding his horse over to the customer's house. The customer was awakened in time.

Outside of the steadies, many of the people who use the service only occasionally want to be awakened for specific dates — to catch trains or planes, to keep fishing or golf appointments, or to be sure to meet the mother-in-law on time at the bus station. One customer, with several members of her family ill at the same time, sent herself a wake-up telegram every hour on the hour to remind herself to administer medicines at prescribed periods. One request came from a ten-year-old boy who wanted to be awakened at 3 A.M. in time to see the circus unload.

When the service was first getting started, the operators were not too suspicious of fake or trick calls and consequently at least one bride and groom on their wedding night were treated to a telephone charivari, with the telephone ringing every hour on the hour. This little joke, of course, was something dreamed up by their prankster friends, and the Western Union operators were unwitting accomplices. Now, however, if the operator has any reason to doubt the authenticity of the message, she may call back the number immediately to be certain that the message was placed by someone at that telephone number.

By now Western Union has become quite blasé about the whole thing, and is not in the least surprised by any request. It was considered routine when a bride, fearful of being left waiting at the altar after an all-night bachelor party for the groom, sent this wake-up wire: WAKE UP, DEAR. THIS IS OUR WEDDING DAY. REMEMBER? The operator reports she had the distinct impression he *had* forgotten.

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Pussy Willow Prelude

BY NELLE MILLER CORKUM

THE Reverend Wilfred Files, pastor of St. Stephen's Parish at Fort Yukon, Alaska, shrugged deeper into his parka against the stinging Arctic weather.

"Never a hint of spring in that March wind," he remarked to his wife as he started out for the mail.

He sighted the bi-weekly plane high in the southern sky humming toward the airstrip. The plane was Fort Yukon's only physical link with the outside world, as far as mail and passengers were concerned, between the time the river froze over until the ice went out in May.

Joining the other regulars who gathered whenever the mail plane came in, he was glad to get the letters and papers from home and the church magazines. Also he was pleasantly surprised and excited when several large parcels were handed to him after the customary mail was distributed.

He lost no time in getting home where he knew Mrs. Files was anxiously awaiting letters from their old home.

"Look, dear," he sang out. "Mysterious packages from the old parish in Winthrop, Massachusetts." Quickly, they tore off the sturdy wrappings.

"Pussy willows!" exclaimed Mrs. Files. "Now we can have a Pussy Willow Sunday just like the one back at St. John's."

The next package disgorged 40 branches of flowering quince, while the last one held the same number of forsythias.

Just then Marian Grout, nurse at the hospital, came in, looking for mail too, and spied the willow twigs. She couldn't restrain the tears of nostalgia as she bent over the bundles, but the others didn't notice because of the mist in their own eyes.

"May I have just one for that lonely boy from Boston?" she asked. "It will be as good as a tonic for him, I'm sure."

"As many as you like," Reverend Files assured her. "After Easter we will divide them among the congregation and your patients. Maybe some of them never saw a pussy willow before, because I'm told that willows — if any — grow less than an inch high at the Arctic Circle."

The packages which arrived that cold day on the mail plane were sent by the Reverend Ralph M. Harper to his fellow minister as a reminder of Pussy Willow Sunday, an annual spring event at St. John's Episcopal

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Church in Winthrop, Massachusetts.

Some time before the designated Sunday, the parishioners of St. John's go out and cut several thousand willow branches, "getting the jump," as Reverend Harper puts it, on the season by cutting them ahead of time and giving them light and warmth to hurry their blooming. As if aware of their allotted mission and happy to cooperate, the pussies respond to the care and coaxing of the Sunday School children by emerging from their protective husk and beginning to primp their furry blooms.

On Pussy Willow Sunday, they are ready to be carried by the girls and boys of the primary and kindergarten classes, serving notice that spring is "just around the corner."

The smiling and dedicated faces of the children as they perform their loving task greatly enhances the occasion, when, after the morning service, they march through the aisles of the church presenting the Prophecies of Spring to the members and visitors of the congregation, who, in turn, carry out the message by sharing their branches with friends and shut-ins who are unable to attend.

The children, not content with service to their own parish, trek to St. Paul's Cathedral, where, as the congregation emerges at the close of their service, they find the steps crowded with the Pussy Willow Pilgrims — smiling children bearing armloads of the furry branches which they pass out to members and friends of St. Paul's parish.

"The actual time at St. John's Church, and later at St. Paul's Cathedral, is only about ten minutes respectively," Reverend Harper explains, "not overstressing the event — rather letting the picturesque pageant speak for itself. Four or five thousand of the small branches are given out, many being kept in homes throughout the year. My particular interest," Reverend Harper goes on, "is to see that the pussy willows reach hospitals, nursing homes, and homes for the aged, as well as other shut-ins."

Have you ever tossed a pebble into a still pool and speculated on the widening ripples that emanate from that little splash?

The few minutes of time given by a bunch of healthy, happy youngsters may seem a negligible thing among the hectic events of today, but remember the small pebble in the quiet pool. Can we estimate the value of that childish gesture?

One ripple from that first Pussy Willow Sunday reached a long, long way — even to Alaska and Fort Yukon on the Arctic Circle. Those willow twigs and flowering quince and forsythia, sent airmail to St. Stephen's Parish, were like messages of new courage, new hope, new life. It was like a call to everyone to break out of their winter husk with a new surge of faith.

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By Louis Francis Budenz

AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION

For ten weeks beginning January 4 of this year, 200 civic leaders met each Tuesday evening at the John Hancock Building in central Boston. They were engaged in something new under the sun — a study of the "Techniques of Communism." In a critical and analytic manner, they have examined the objectives of the Communist conspiracy and its strategy and tactics as a scientist would analyze a poison in order to offset its evil effects. I have had the privilege of directing this course, along with 20 others which have preceded it in the New York-New Jersey-Philadelphia area, testifying to the determination of alert Americans to help rid the United States of the general illiteracy on Communism, which is our chief weakness.

The Boston series was considered so impressive in its results by those who attended — men and women from leading positions in governmental, political, civic, and religious life — that a new course is being arranged which bids fair to have a larger attendance than the first sessions. In Wilmington, Delaware, at the same time, on each Monday evening for a ten-week period, 150 people active in community projects have taken up this study with equally successful results. At Philadelphia on February 24, an equal number of distinguished citizens from professional, business, and labor fields began a similar project, in addition to the three previous courses held for teachers and representatives of religious groups in that city.

It is coming to be understood in wider and wider circles that if Communism is to be defeated, it must be thoroughly understood. The facts about it cannot be learned "by ear," as has been the all too prevalent con-

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cept throughout the country, but must be studied as seriously as any other subject that is to be mastered. It is beginning to be recognized that we are living today in the period of a great paradox: The powerful United States is constantly being persuaded to retreat before the weak and clumsy Soviet Power.

THE continuous triumph of the Communist line within our own borders, paralyzing the internal security of the United States, has been vaguely grasped. The reasons for these strange developments are being sought for, and this has given impetus to the almost spontaneous rise of these classes.

The Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security had recognized the necessity for this form of education in its report of July 17, 1953. There it had recommended that our high schools and colleges institute classes in Communism, under the supervision of those who had proved to be competent in combating this evil. When our educational system failed to respond to this need in any large measure, the courses for community leaders, already active in American life, sprang up as a substitute.

The precise purpose of these courses is to equip men and women who are in positions of responsibility with the knowledge which will enable them to go out in the community and combat those policies and that line which Moscow wants us to adopt for our defeat.

The study begins with the philosophy of Communism, pointing out that, of its very nature, Soviet power must seek world conquest. It then proceeds to a thorough examination of Communist phraseology, explaining the Aesopian language which characterizes all Red directives. The strategy and tactics laid down for the Communists by Stalin, which are employed by the Reds in every operation from the infiltration of a local Parent-Teachers Association to the Korean War, are reviewed and analyzed. The two-fold role of the Communist Parties of every country — to bring about the dictatorship by violence and in the meantime to make "transmission belts" for the Communist line of every possible non-Party agency — is constantly emphasized.

Consideration of the infiltration by Reds into every avenue of American life, with each field being taken up in turn, becomes much more understandable when the character of the Communist conspiracy and its objectives have been thoroughly examined from Communist documents themselves.

It has now been found by experience that this study does prepare men and women effectively for warring against the Soviet psychological warfare, a contribution which today is as great as that which our military forces can give to American security. For out of these studies there emerges the uncontestable fact that the secret of Soviet success has been in

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making too many agencies of American opinion and too many American official policies coincide with the line laid down originally in Moscow.

WHEN Dictator Malenkov resigned because of the internal economic difficulties of Soviet Russia, students in these classes were not taken by surprise. They had been apprised of the fundamental weaknesses in the Soviet economy, registered in its inability to produce. They had studied statements by Malenkov in the Cominform organ as early as last March that a depression was plaguing the "land of Socialism."

But they could also point out the incongruity of the fact that on February 8, when Malenkov gave up because of the intense internal crisis, that it was the United States which was retreating from theTachen Islands. They knew that this incongruity arose in large part because the United States had been "sold" on the Stalinite program of "peaceful coexistence" on the one hand and on fear of "a third world war" on the other — a war which the weak Soviet economy dare not risk.

When the sordid Harvey Matusow episode arose, these people were also largely prepared for that. They had already been forewarned from Communist documents, and specifically *Political Affairs*, that the Communists, as early as March 23, 1950, had laid down a program for destroying American internal security. This program was presented to the emergency meeting of the national committee of the Communist Party by Gus Hall, later a fugitive from justice and now in Federal prison, and by Gil Green, who also has disappeared since his conviction. This program was to begin with "the battle against McCarthyism," then to proceed into the attack on the credibility of the Government witnesses on a big scale, and from these developments to follow up with an assault on the "Gestapo-like activities" of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The Matusow incident is, therefore, the second stage in this carefully organized plan to paralyze the Department of Justice and to discredit and hamper the FBI. If this plan works out, with its cry of "investigate the investigators," the Congressional committees will be tied up indefinitely in going into all sorts of auxiliary matters during the current session of Congress, just as they were last year in the McCarthy hearings. They will be distracted from the main subject of concern for the American people, namely, that the Communist conspiracy is at work as an agent of Moscow for the undermining of this country and the overthrow of our Government.

The students of the classes in the Techniques of Communism can intelligently offset the diversionary tactics of the Communist conspiracy by stressing the necessity of continuing and expanding the investiga-

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tions of that conspiracy. They can show that the whole series of Communist bookstores through the country are busily engaged in stimulating the comrades by distributing the works of Stalin and Lenin which directly advocate the overthrow of our government by violence.

To this task many of them have set themselves — bringing the matter before local organizations, writing to Congressmen and Senators, and in communications to the press. In a number of instances, they have also spoken before local groups, seeking to arouse them on this and similar subjects.

THAT they have not as yet been fully effective, and that the Communist line continues to triumph in the United States, is due to the lack of this form of education as yet throughout the entire country.

To call the roll of the activities which have been stimulated by these studies would be impossible. It was one of the students of these classes who compelled Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt to retract a false allegation made against an ex-Communist who had testified for the government.

It was another who got the book, *Russia*, which was a pure and simple piece of pro-Soviet propaganda, removed from a number of Long Island libraries, where it had been recommended to children.

It was still another who issued to many newspapers a photostatic copy of William Z. Foster's article on peaceful coexistence in the November, 1954, *Political Affairs*, which showed in one sentence the entire hypocrisy of this slogan. This was taken up in editorials in a number of anti-Communist daily papers.

The importance of *Political Affairs* as a key to what the Communists plan to do has been registered very strongly among the students. Previous to the courses, many of these people had never heard of this most significant of Communist documents, so far as the United States is concerned. They found that, when equipped with a knowledge of Communist phraseology, they were able to detect from its pages the Communist propaganda for months in advance, propaganda which unfortunately they found breaking out in many daily newspapers, magazines, on television, and radio.

The course, as it unfolded in each case, was full of surprises for those who attended. Many of them had considered themselves to be well informed on Communism, but they were soon impressed with their insufficient acquaintance with the subject. Quite a few had had no appreciation of Communism as a "world outlook," which makes it inherently determined to achieve world conquest.

Even the training of the Communists — with its emphasis on obliteration of personality into the Party and constant self-criticism — was unknown to them, and when they did come to understand it, gave

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them a much better appreciation of the true strength of the foe with which they are confronted. Stalin's statement that "the Party is strengthened by being purged of opportunist elements" brought home vividly that the Communists are not to be measured by their numbers but by their discipline and their "flexibility" in infiltrating and influencing American agencies of opinion.

ONE HEALTHY feature of this educational adventure has been the creation of the classes without any organized promotion of any kind. One class has sprung from another. They have been held in American Legion halls, in parochial and public school buildings, and in public halls — depending upon the peculiar circumstances under which each has been initiated.

Two women are responsible for the origination of this idea, and their tenacity made the first effort possible. In 1950, two years before any class came into being, Mrs. Albert Trageser and Mrs. Thaddeus Armstrong had requested me to conduct a series of this character in Port Washington, Long Island. Although I had been shocked with the general lack of knowledge about Communism, which I learned when I came out of the Communist conspiracy, I was not certain that the method proposed was the best remedy. The whole proposal was delayed because of this mistaken questioning on my part. But when, in 1952, I began a course in the Techniques of Communism at Fordham University, I was confronted at the very first session with Mrs. Trageser and Mrs. Armstrong, still determined that this education should be carried on at a community level.

Out of our first conference, and through their good efforts, there came the first class at Port Washington, conducted under the auspices of the Know Your Community Committee of the Brooklyn Diocesan Council of Catholic Women. From that beginning, the movement spread rapidly under various sponsorships, to Flushing, Brooklyn, Great Neck, Far Rockaway, Forest Hills, Levittown, Garden City, Bayside, Manhasset, and several other places in Long Island.

The Manhasset group, organized under the sponsorship of the local American Legion and gathering in a large public school building, was unique in that, for the first time, 200 people were enrolled. Prior to this experiment, the effort had been to restrict those in attendance to no more than 80, in order that all questions might be fully and satisfactorily answered. From Long Island, this educational endeavor moved to New York City, to the Hotel Lexington and later to Oriel House. The latter group was sponsored by Mrs. Fulton Oursler and a distinguished list of professional people, proving to be so successful that Oriel House has now made the course a permanent feature of its cultural program.

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Out into Westchester County the idea spread, community leaders in Scarsdale, Larchmont, New Rochelle, and North Tarrytown taking part. Special courses of eight lectures each were arranged for St. John's Night School for Adults in Philadelphia, with 125 teachers, professional men and representatives of labor being present at each of them. Meanwhile, the Techniques of Communism had been added to the curriculum of Seton Hall University in Newark and the summer session of the University of Dayton, in Ohio. The subject was also introduced by Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren in the Political Science Department at Marquette University.

ORIGINALLY the discussions were conducted on the basis of an outline prepared for this purpose, but soon the need for a textbook became apparent. I sought to supply this need with the work on the *Techniques of Communism*, which was published last year by Henry Regnery Company. A special effort was made to assure that this book would be as simple as possible and at the same time authoritative. Communist documents themselves were used as source material for the analysis.

Emphasis was placed on the necessity of employing knowledge and facts as weapons against Communism, rather than political rumor, gossip, or speculation. The first words of the book give the whole spirit of this educational enterprise:

> Most Americans have not been equipped with the technical understanding necessary to deal with Soviet Communism, the greatest challenge to our times. The skill we apply to science, production, and engineering we have not used in the handling of the Communist problem. Communism is something to which many thousands of Americans are opposed. But too few know its nature, its methods of operation, and its reflected activities in the community.

Approximately 3,000 people who are active in American life in their communities have by now become "alumni." They can constitute the nucleus for the creation of a strong national moral force, rising above petty partisan considerations, which can contribute to the salvation of America in the battle against Soviet psychological warfare. Their participation has been only a beginning, but it has been a good beginning in the direction of curing this nation's chief current weakness.

☆ ☆ ☆

Through knowledge shall the just be delivered.
PROVERBS XX, 15

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IF YOU HEAR a rumbling on the wind, and feel the earth trembling under your feet, take it easy and don't bother to run for an underground shelter. It isn't anything atomic; it's just all the Great Big He-Men of Yesteryear turning in their graves everywhere from Maine to Alaska. You want to know why all these male ghosts are so restless that they keep turning and churning?

The answer is simple, and is to be found in the sweet-smelling back room of a fine old turn-of-the-century house in mid-Manhattan. This is the Gourielli Shop for Men. In it, a men's beauty salon does a 9:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. business, giving men "white mud" packs, "Tone" facials, "active ozone" scalp treatments and hair coloring. And by hair coloring is meant bleaching, hennaing, dyeing it black in an all-over job, or just "touching it up."

The guy who yearns for the so-called "distinguished look," those suggestions of grey at the temples, doesn't have to wait for time, as it does to all men, to catch up with him. He can have his hair touched up with a "color stick," a greasy crayon type of cosmetic, which

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makes the dark hairs white, and the white hairs whiter.

On the other hand (or should it be head?) fellows who are just plain getting grey from accumulated worries and incipient middle age and don't like it, can cover their tattle-grey with black or brown goo. The demand for hair coloring is growing daily among males who have heard about the Gourielli Shop's split personality, a shop which sells high-priced haberdashery in front, and runs this male beauty service station in the back.

Indeed, the demand is so great that Helena Rubinstein, who has made millions from cosmetic catering to women, and her husband, Georgian Prince Gourielli, proprietors, are planning a kind of Hernando's Hideaway for Hair Hues upstairs, where an entire room will be given over exclusively to dyeing, tinting, touching up and lightening gentlemen's locks, as well as plain old-fashioned, tootsie-type peroxide-and-ammonia bleaching. (Don't scoff at the old blond, boys, he may be somebody's grandfather!)

That isn't all that will be upstairs. An oxygen therapy room is contemplated. This is a natural development of the oxygen machine they've had in the barber-and-beauty-bazaar downstairs since opening the shop. The machine was installed to dispense invigorating whiffs of oxygen as a pick-me-up for gentlemen suffering from hangover or exhaustion. However, oxygen is highly inflammable and everybody around the establishment will feel easier when the boys who think they need an oxygen pick-up have a room of their own upstairs. Here there will be special oxygen therapists to see to it that alcohol fumes or sparks from hot little personalities don't set the beautiful joint on fire. These special oxygen treatments will come high, $8.50 for 5- to 10-minute sniffs.

"Of course we'll throw in some additional little niceties," said Mr. Patrick O'Higgins, "head and neck massage, for instance. Something to make the poor fellow feel better, to take the tension out of his system."

AT THIS POINT, we'd better meet Mr. O'Higgins. He's a slim stalwart on Prince Gourielli's staff, and he's in there pitching all the time for the complete line of 20 different kinds of cosmetics for men, and the application of artifice to nature to make fatigued and fading fellows vital and irresistible again. Patrick O'Higgins is a red-headed Irishman with a roguish smile who probably hasn't had his tongue out of his cheek since he was in knickerbockers. He hails from West Meath in Ireland and was a member of the Irish Guards regiment in the British Army during the war. Mr. O'Higgins designs many of the dressier luxury items in the men's wear shop, the real revenue producer for the enterprise.

"A fellow who spends any money at all in the barber shop feels so good

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when he comes out that he sees some item that tickles his fancy. A tie, say. He buys it. Then he gets a shirt to go with it. Or pajamas, say, and a silk dressing robe. First thing you know, he's spent maybe a hundred dollars and he feels a mite guilty, so he goes upstairs and buys something for his wife. Perfume, maybe. He can put out from $2.50 to $45.00 for this. Small gifts are all they carry upstairs. Anything from a rhinestone appointment pencil for $2.00 to luxury separates, skirt and blouse for $150."

However, it would appear that most men's consciences are pretty well adjusted to spending money on themselves now, and it must be that Mr. O'Higgins exaggerates the male guilt complexes, or else the merchandise for women just doesn't move fast enough. At any rate, the little gift shop for wives is about to be replaced by a "sun shop" for men, full of gear and apparel for fishing, skiing, swimming, lolling on the beach — sports clothes the manglers of the English language call "leisuals." Soon the resort wolves can get outfitted here with out-of-the-water fancy togs; and the skin-diving enthusiasts will find a full line of underwater equipment.

Mr. O'Higgins, who looks like a shotgun marriage between *Esquire* and London's Savile Row, is hopeful that the American male will give more thought to his appearance as time goes on. "Most men don't know how to do enough for their face and figure," he said. "For one thing, they don't know how to wash their faces properly. They give them a cat's lick after shaving, and leave a ring of lather around the hair line. That's what hastens the balding process and starts the hair receding. Soap kills the hair," Mr. O'Higgins said sadly.

THERE are four barbers in the place — male beauty shop operators would be a more descriptive term — to do the face-washing and hair-saving job for Old Sloppy Joe Doakes. One, a Greek named Peter, and another, an Englishman named Donald, are English-trained. Two Italians, Dominick and Faust, are graduates of the Terminal Barber Shop training, the chain which lays on the lotion and wields the scissors in all the top hotels around the country. It was Dominick who gave TV's Steve Allen a mud pack in plain view of millions of televiewers on Allen's "Tonight" show a few months ago.

"A man may have dry or oily skin, as the case may be," Mr.O'Higgins said as we got down to cases. "He may also have blackheads, whiteheads, and broken veins, those nasty little red squiggles. These can be eradicated with Tone — that's an after-shave cream. Or he may have sallow, dead-looking skin. If he's in this condition when he comes to us, either condition I should say, three courses of helpful treatment are open to him. The sallow fellow

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should have a sun lamp treatment with hot and cold towels — we use on an average of 15 towels per man per treatment here. Then he should get a Tone facial massage. This conditions the skin and gives it a glow, a real, healthy he-man glow.

"Now for the man with *oily* skin. Well, we might start him off with the sun lamp treatment, too. But better than this is the mud pack. White mud. Actually, we call it a 'facial pack cream wash,' because it is a cream which hardens on the face and gets right in there and does a job. It's a real deep pore cleanser; and besides cleaning the skin, it dries it if it's oily, or it stimulates it if it's dry, sallow or dead-looking.

"The way we do it," Mr. O'Higgins continued, "Dominick or Faust or Peter or Donald, whoever is working on the fellow, first washes and cleans the face with astringents. Then he puts on dollops and gobs of this white mud and leaves it smeared on for five minutes. He fans it dry, and as it dries it hardens. When it is thoroughly hard, the properties in it begin to suck out all the dirt and poisons in the skin, rejuvenate it, pick it up, so that the man would never know it was the same face he came in with. The mud pack removes the squint lines around the eyes, dissipates all those little broken capillaries. In short, it does a real job. You know the Roman emperors used to have mud packs," Mr. O'Higgins said.

"How does it come off? Do we use a hammer and chisel? Oh, come now, you're kidding! It isn't plaster of paris, you know. Very simple getting it off. Hot towels and iced towels, one after the other, a dozen or 20, if need be, and then, for a finishing touch, a slosh of Tang after-shave lotion."

ALL THESE manly products with zippy he-man names, Tone, Tang and more of the same, are for sale in the shop. There's a shaving cream with active ozone whipped right into it. There's a new suntan lotion which is said to give a man a sunburnt tanned effect immediately after it's rubbed on, even if it's raining cats and dogs in January, and the nearest to a glow of any kind he's been all weekend is down in the cellar stoking the furnace. There are two "basic creams," a day cream and a night cream, both of them loaded with active ozone, too. And there's a lot more of what Mr. O'Higgins calls "our 'do-good creams.' " A man's Gourielli complete cosmetic wardrobe would cost about $35.00, Mr. O'Higgins estimated.

They've thought of everything at the Prince's place. Say a fellow is going to Florida and doesn't want to arrive there looking pale and washed out. Take another one back from Florida with an expensive suntan he wants to keep long enough to impress the peasants. The Gourielli boys can fix them both up, going and coming.

Before the Florida-bound pale-

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face leaves New York, they give his face color via the lamp, and they lighten his hair — bleach it just a bit on top, as the sun does. Then, when he comes back from Florida and begins in four days to look greenish — the golden glow of Florida's sun going brassy, as it were — they give him another sun lamp tan and wash his hair with the right color rinse so he can be Mr. Miami Beach all over again. This can be continued indefinitely.

A client who gets the works in the beauty bar will spend about $10.00, maybe $12.00 or $15.00, including tips. He can, however, get a plain shave and haircut without "vigorous scalp maintenance," "dandruff control," or any of the rest of the fancy stuff, not even a gulp of oxygen on the way out.

MOST MEN who go to Gourielli's are the type that pamper themselves. They're playboys, visiting movie stars, olding and balding stage stars. The Madison Avenue and midtown executives with money to spare for sybaritic indulgence, men who believe good looks and personality are their biggest assets, are regulars.

Then there are the young Joes, on expense accounts, the guys with the built-in ambitions. These are the not-quite-there-yet men, the fellows who are sure they will go far if they can just control their complexes, negate their neuroses and project their personalities. These intense charm boys from the Ulcer Belt patronize the place. So do space salesmen, advertising tycoons, radio and TV luminaries both dim and bright.

It's the latest fad for the smart "real New Yorkers," the men who come from small towns all over the country, get an anxiety neurosis with their first $10,000, ulcers with their second, take on a personal psychiatrist with the third, and lost weekends and strait-jackets alternately as they progress onward and upward financially and break up in all directions emotionally.

Of course, there are some customers who approach this emporium of male beautification not as vain peacocks but as serious men with a sincere purpose. Recently, the shop had a letter of inquiry from a minister of the gospel in a midwestern city. He said he expected to be in New York this summer and would like some hair and facial treatments. He explained that he was eager to improve his looks for his pulpit appearances.

The reverend gentleman may find himself under a towel in one of the shop's four barber chairs with Tony Curtis, John Hodiak, Noel Coward or the Duke of Windsor for neighbors. They have all checked in. Or he may be there the day another regular weekly customer comes in to have his Julius Caesar bangs cut and set. The minister will get material for a dozen sermons along with his hair and face reconditioning. He might even get a TV offer.

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Doings of a Democracy

BY HAROLD HELFER

✓ Mrs. Victoria Rennison of Northampton, Massachusetts, bought a newspaper advertisement to thank voters for defeating her husband, Edwin, who ran for state representative. "Now he can stay home and mind his business," she said.

✓ Yasushi Sekiguchi of Tokyo, visiting the United States under State Department sponsorship, stated he had become at least half Americanized during his five-week stay. He said he had a dream "half in English, half in Japanese."

✓ Edward Rademacher, mayor of Calipatria, California, protested to the governor that since the town was situated in a one-time ocean bed 184 feet beneath sea level, it was "outside the jurisdiction of the state and subject to marine law," and therefore was being unjustly taxed.

✓ Bill Terry, new head of the Sally Baseball League located in the deep South, let it be known that he'll fly the Confederate flag from every ball park. And he also indicated that his umpires will wear Confederate gray instead of the conventional blue.

✓ In Fort Worth, a man telephoned police headquarters and asked what would happen "if you caught me burglarizing a building." He was told in no uncertain terms. "Thank you kindly," was the polite rejoinder before the man hung up.

✓ A Malone, New York, garbage collector filed a complaint charging that several unlicensed collectors were "getting the cream of the garbage," while he got the "leavings."

✓ For failing to deliver unaddressed third-class "junk" mail, a San Jose, California, postman was placed on one-year probation. "Maybe he was performing a public service," the judge said.

✓ Judge James C. Shannon of New Haven ordered an immediate mistrial after a juror fainted and was revived by a doctor — the defendant.

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The Big LIE

A DOCUMENTED STORY

By Ruth A. Inglis

LIFE on the Communist propaganda front is just one big lie after another. The current big lie handed out by the Kremlin is wrapped up in a package labeled "peaceful coexistence." It is addressed to American liberals. The concealed big lie is, of course, the suggestion that Stalin's passing (a term broad enough to cover his murder or his death from natural causes) marked a new day in Kremlin policy, a change of heart toward the capitalist world.

The authorship of the big-lie technique is usually ascribed to Adolf Hitler or Josef Goebbels. The big truth about the big-lie technique, however, is that Lenin, the Communist, taught its use as a political maneuver while Hitler, the Nazi, was still an unknown house painter in Austria. In after years, Hitler and his propaganda minister, Goebbels, became nothing more than rank amateurs in the art of mendacity by comparison with Lenin and his successors who were and remain to this day, the really professional technicians in the business of big-scale, mass-production, assembly-line, streamlined lying.

The big difference between the Hitlerian and the Leninist big-lie artists is the difference between abject failure and notable success. The former never found more than a negligible handful of American believers — mostly crackpots and

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psychopaths — while the latter, through the years, have enlisted tens of thousands of so-called liberals in government, business, education, religion, journalism, and radio.

Caught red-handed in the dissemination of one big lie, the Kremlin simply drops it and hands out another in the full assurance that American liberals, like the legendary Bourbons, never learn. Having burned their fingers on one red-hot Kremlin falsehood, our so-called liberals, unlike children who experiment with kitchen stoves, are always ready — even eager — to pick up another which is still hotter.

The big lie about peaceful coexistence is one of the Kremlin's biggest. Its purpose today is threefold: (1) to gain time for the Soviet Union's bandits to forge ahead in the frightening weapons race; (2) to discourage all effective American resistance until it is too late for America to win the inevitable war; and (3) to provide a new sedative for the ever credulous neutralist governments which are euphemistically called our allies.

It may take years to expose the full perfidy of the peaceful-coexistence lie, by which time it may well be too late to challenge Soviet aggression with anything more effective than a debate and a vote in the United Nations. If there is anything that the Soviet gangsters do not fear and that they hold in utter contempt, it is an adverse vote in the UN.

Soviet lies have long lives. We have only to think of the big lie which went under the slogan, "bring the boys home." At the time of the surrender of the Nazis and the Japanese in 1945, the United States was incomparably the greatest military power the world had ever known. It was then that the Truman Administration meekly demobilized the military might of the United States, to the sole advantage of the Soviet conspirators. Remember the "good old Joe" big lie which Harry Truman accepted and blandly handed to the American electorate in the middle of the Presidential election campaign of 1948?

The monstrous proportions of a Soviet big lie have not of themselves deterred American self-styled liberals from embracing it. The story of the Soviet big lie about the Katyn Forest Massacre and its eager and trusting acceptance in American liberal circles should be told again and again for the lessons it holds.

The story must be prefaced by a brief statement of the facts about the Massacre.

When the Red Army, acting under the protection of the Stalin-Hitler Pact of August, 1939, invaded Poland in September of that year, some 15,400 Polish army officers and intellectual leaders were made prisoners and interned in Soviet prison camps in the territory of the USSR.

These Polish prisoners were allowed to correspond with their fam-

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ilies in Poland until May 10, 1940, after which date all trace of them was lost for almost three years.

These Polish army officers and intellectual leaders were murdered by Soviet troops in and near the Katyn Forest not far from Smolensk, USSR, and then buried in mass graves. This wholesale annihilation of a nation's leadership was surely a case of genocide.

On December 22, 1952, a select committee of the United States House of Representatives, under the chairmanship of Ray J. Madden (D-Ind.), handed down this verdict: "The Katyn Massacre was one of the most barbarous international crimes in world history."

In April, 1943, the mass graves of the massacred Poles were discovered. The Polish government-in-exile at London asked for an investigation by an international commission, preferably by the International Red Cross.

The Soviet government promptly accused the Nazis of the Katyn Forest atrocity, and with a show of righteous indignation severed diplomatic relations with the Polish government-in-exile.

In 1944, former Ambassador George H. Earle tried to convince President Roosevelt that the Soviets were guilty of the Katyn Massacre, basing his report to the President "on secret documents and photographs of Katyn clearly establishing Soviet guilt." According to Earle, Roosevelt replied: "George, this is entirely German propaganda and a German plot. I am absolutely convinced the Russians did not do this."

In May, 1945, the Pentagon was given conclusive evidence of Soviet guilt. The report of an American officer, Col. John H. Van Vliet, Jr., who had personally inspected the mass graves at Katyn, was promptly stamped "top secret" by Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell. This "top secret" report then disappeared, mysteriously if not conveniently.

At the Nuremberg Trials, the Soviet prosecutor had the audacity to include the Katyn murders in the indictment of Goering *et al.* Neither the State Department nor the Pentagon informed the American prosecutor, the late Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson, of the evidence of Soviet guilt in their possession.

With this preface, we are ready to proceed with the Soviet big lie about Katyn.

ON APRIL 27, 1943, the Soviet government severed diplomatic relations with the Polish government-in-exile. USSR Foreign Minister Molotov dispatched a note to the Polish government in London announcing his government's action. In all the history of diplomacy, no other document equals in perfidy or diabolical resort to the big-lie technique this note of Molotov. It explodes every alibi for the Roosevelt government's collaboration with the Kremlin conspiracy, a collaboration which saved that conspiracy from

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exposure and destruction. Molotov's note should be required reading for American school children's education in the utter bankruptcy of liberalism.

The text of the Molotov big lie reads as follows:

> On behalf of the government of the USSR, I have the honor to communicate the following to the Polish government:
>
> The attitude of the Polish government to the USSR recently is considered by the Soviet government as entirely unnormal, breaking all rules and usages in the mutual relations of two Allied countries.
>
> The slanderous campaign begun by the German fascists, which was hostile to the USSR in the question of Polish officers killed by them (the Germans) in the Smolensk region on territory occupied by German troops, was immediately taken up by the Polish government and stirred up in every way by the Polish official press.
>
> The Polish government not only did not oppose the mean slander against the USSR but even did not find it necessary to approach the Soviet government with any questions on the matter or ask for any explanation.
>
> The Hitlerite authorities, after having committed monstrous crimes against Polish officers, are putting up a comedy of investigations in the staging of which they use some Polish pro-fascist elements picked up by them (the Germans) on occupied Polish territory where everybody is under the Hitler heel and where every honest Pole cannot openly express his opinion.
>
> For purposes of the "investigation comedy," the International Red Cross was asked to carry out an investigation both by the Polish government and the Hitlerite government.
>
> The International Red Cross is compelled to take part in this "investigation comedy" in the atmosphere of a regime of terror with its gallows and mass extermination of a peaceful population, and Hitler is the producer of this comedy.
>
> It is clear that such an investigation, which in addition is being carried out behind the back of the Soviet government, cannot be regarded with trust by any honest people.
>
> The fact that this campaign against the Soviet Union has been begun simultaneously in the German and Polish press and is being conducted on the same plan, leaves no doubt that between the enemy of the Allies, Hitler, and the Polish government a contact exists, as well as an agreement to carry through this hostile campaign.
>
> While the peoples of the Soviet Union are shedding their blood in the heavy struggle against Hitlerite Germany and straining all their strength to rout the common enemy of the Russian and Polish peoples and of all freedom-loving peoples of the democratic countries, the Polish government, favoring Hitler's tyranny, is dealing a treacherous blow to the Soviet Union.
>
> It is known to the Soviet government that this hostile campaign against the Soviet Union has been undertaken by the Polish government with an aim to exert pressure on the Soviet government by using Hitler's slanderous falsification in

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order to snatch territorial concessions at the cost of the interest of the Soviet Ukraine, Soviet White Russia, and Soviet Lithuania.

All the circumstances compel the Soviet government to state that the present government of Poland, which has deviated to a way leading towards agreement with the Hitlerite government, has in fact ceased to maintain Allied relations with the Soviet Union and has put itself into a position hostile to the Soviet Union.

On the basis of all the foregoing, the Soviet Union has decided to break off relations with the Polish government.

I beg M. Ambassador to accept affirmations of my deep respect.

[Signed] Vyacheslav Molotov

ONE may be pardoned for any degree of bitter cynicism in recalling the outburst of feigned indignation which characterized *Izvestia's* handling of the charge that the Soviet army was the perpetrator of the massacre of the 15,000 Polish army and civilian leaders. *Izvestia* is one of the official newspapers of the USSR.

Here is a part of *Izvestia's* big lie which American liberals accepted as truth:

> For two weeks the German fascist press has been raving, spreading a monstrous slander against the Soviet Union, exerting every effort to cover up the new crime perpetrated by the Hitlerites against the Polish people, to absolve themselves of responsibility for their crimes.
>
> For two weeks the Hitlerite slanderers outdid themselves in the venomous slandering of the Soviet Union, painting with sadistic thoroughness the "bolshevik atrocities" invented by themselves, and resorting to obvious forgery calculated to deceive the innocent or people who fail to see the mass of crude lies, slander and provocations dished up by the Hitlerites.
>
> The Hitlerite provocators are using every means, trying to accelerate the realization of their unspeakable aims and not only to cover their crimes but to try at the same time to strike a blow at the unity of the anti-Hitler camp and undermine the friendship of the Soviet and Polish peoples.
>
> The Hitler cutthroats who have outraged the world by the countless examples of their monstrous atrocities, their indescribable cruelty and barbarity, who have been and are exterminating hundreds of thousands of Poles in Poland proper, who devastated Polish territory and drove tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Poland into accursed German fascist slavery, who have drenched with blood every inch of ground on which Hitler's soldiers have set foot, who are mercilessly trampling upon and destroying the culture and freedom of the Polish people — these same Hitlerite murderers are now trying to pose as well-meaning exposers of crimes perpetrated by themselves in the forest of Katyn.

HAVING surveyed the facts about the Katyn Massacre and the Soviet big lie, let us note the ease and apparent eagerness with which

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certain American liberals preferred the lie to the facts.

United States Senator James E. Murray (D-Mont.), hailed by the *Daily Worker* as a "liberal," required no prodding to lead him to embrace Molotov's big lie and to issue a public denunciation of the Polish government-in-exile. It should be noted that Senator Murray's liberalism has led him to sponsor the following units of the Communist-front apparatus: American Slav Congress; American Youth Congress; International Workers Order; National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; and Washington Committee for Democratic Action.

Senator Murray also sponsored a Communist celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Red Army — a celebration held by the Communist conspirators on Washington's Birthday!

It would appear that United States Senators are censurable by their colleagues only for conduct attacking the Communist conspiracy in the United States. No Senator has ever been censured for supporting that conspiracy!

Referring to the Soviet big lie about the Katyn Forest Massacre, Senator Murray said: "It looks as if the Polish government-in-exile has fallen for Hitler propaganda." It was the typical liberal mentality which customarily rejected a big truth in favor of a Communist big lie, wherever there was a choice.

Senator Murray suggested that the Polish government-in-exile be forcibly restrained from advocating that the truth about the Katyn Forest Massacre be sought relentlessly. He said: "After all, these governments are guests of England, and they shouldn't be permitted to disrupt the unity of the United Nations." Naturally, this was front-page news in the *Daily Worker*.

With the utmost satisfaction, the *Daily Worker* noted that leading American radio commentators swallowed the Soviet big lie about the reason for its severance of diplomatic relations with the Polish government-in-exile. Under the headline, "Radio Supports Soviet Action," the Communist Party's newspaper printed the texts of their comments.

Pernicious propagandist and baby-faced liberal **George Hamilton Combs,** speaking over station WHN, said: "With insidious cleverness the German propaganda artists set themselves to the task of driving a wedge between the two nations . . . Now the truth of the matter is that the Sikorski government soon after the first of the year began to grow more and more importunate in its demands upon Russia and more and more interested in re-establishing the old feudal Poland, belonging to the great land-owners and the hereditary Polish barons . . . It is charged that there were some Poles who would rather see a German victory than a Poland reconstituted along entirely democratic lines."

Columbia Broadcasting System's

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pundit, **Quincy Howe,** welcomed Molotov's castigation of the Polish government-in-exile with the following: "But this open break may clear the air in more than one quarter . . . It may also cause the United Nations to review the status of many other exiled governments which — perhaps — have lost all contact with their native peoples and now represent nothing but themselves."

Frank Kingdon, Methodist clergyman who turned radio commentator and long-time collaborator with Communist fronts, said over station WMCA: "Russia is not going to sit quietly by under any scheme that makes her a goof and not an equal ally."

Sidney Walton, commenting over station WHN, reeled off the big-lie line in the following words: "Goebbels' victory is the greater because it has been accomplished while few Americans knew it was in the making . . . The result is that here in America we are in danger of swallowing the bait whole and crying 'Poor Poland' without trying to figure it all out."

Johannes Steel, mysterious character who once raised funds for the Nazis, told station WMCA listeners: "This development constitutes a first-rate failure for American and British diplomacy . . . As for the Polish government, aside from the pros and cons, they had it coming to them. It will teach them the lesson they have been reluctant to learn . . . namely, that a first-rate power like Soviet Russia cannot be treated in peremptory fashion . . . The Soviets are determined to smoke out the real attitude of the United States and Great Britain with regard to not only the fascist elements in the Polish government-in-exile, but also such gentry as Mannerheim, Franco, and similar ilk."

Hans Jacob predicted with fervor a postwar pro-Soviet Poland over station WOV: "Irresponsible Poles are delighted to have had this opportunity to exploit anti-Soviet feeling all over the world. Darlan and Peyrouton and all the other reactionaries who were accepted — who still are accepted by the Allies — are examples for those who believe they can stage a comeback in a reactionary anti-Soviet Poland. They must be told that they are dreaming."

Commentator **Samuel H. Cuff** took the Soviet big lie to his bosom over station WNEW: "This incident will come to be the most fortunate thing that has happened on the diplomatic front so far in this war. The present Polish government-in-exile is not the creation of the Polish people. There is no indication that they want this government after the war is over."

The New York *Post*, ever eager spokesman of the anti-anti-Communist line, declared that "propaganda experts" in Washington considered "the new German story about digging up the bodies of 12,000 Polish officers supposedly killed by the

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Russians near Smolensk three years ago a well worked-out fake." The *Post* continued: "The appeal by the Polish government-in-exile for an International Red Cross investigation was viewed as giving unfortunate assistance to a Nazi plot to drive a wedge between the Soviet and its allies."

Jack Gerber, then head of the Columbia Broadcasting System's short-wave listening post in Washington, was quoted by the *Daily Worker* as saying that the story of Soviet guilt in the Katyn Massacre was "the most convincing and thorough propaganda job the Nazis have ever done."

If it be alleged that there was a universal trust of the Soviet government on the part of the American people in those far-off days of World War II, the answer is that such an assertion is a falsehood. There were many Americans who understood the character of the Soviets well, and found little or nothing to choose between them and the Nazis.

Chaim Zhitlowsky, famous writer and spokesman for the Committee of Jewish Writers and Artists, brought down the house when he declared at a rally of liberals, fellow travelers, Communist Party members, dupes, dopes, and eggheads: "Whatever the Soviet Union does, we may be sure it is for the welfare of the world. The Soviet Union has proved by its past that it can be trusted fully."

That was the voice of an intellectually puerile and morally bankrupt American liberalism. It is still heard throughout the land.

The big lie of 1955, now in its early teens, has grown into the proportions of a Brobdingnagian man who, according to Jonathan Swift, was "as tall as an ordinary spire steeple." This big lie says that the United States has been engulfed by a tidal wave of hysteria and fear, that civil rights have been swept before it, and that a reign of terror has been established.

Newspapers, radio and television commentators, ADA politicians, and left-wing churchmen have taken up this big lie which had its origin in the agitprop department of the Communist Party. The Party's obvious purpose was to stifle the detection and exposure of the Communist conspiracy.

A single illustration, out of the tens of thousands which could be quoted, will have to suffice. A prominent religious editor writes: "A scientist who has served his country with distinction for many years, who has committed no act of disloyalty, who has discreetly kept secrets having to do with national security, and who, after the war, was given the Presidential Medal of Merit, is proclaimed a security risk. Thus we have come to a time when 'single thought is civic crime.'"

Liberals are reeling with the intoxication of this big hysteria lie — literally feeling no pain.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Father Extraordinary

by
HELEN REEDER CROSS

THEY tiptoed stealthily past the drawing room — five disheveled children shepherded by a man with a limp handlebar mustache. But they were not quiet enough to escape unheard. Suddenly the door burst open. Speechless and horrified, a trim, pretty lady stood there, staring at the culprits.

They were certainly a shocking sight. Mud oozed slowly from six pairs of hiking boots. The littlest boy tried unsuccessfully to hide a rip in his jacket sleeve. The tallest one dabbed at a trickle of blood on his cheek. Theodore Roosevelt winked reassuringly at his young accomplices and grinned a sheepish but irresistible grin at his wife.

It was a scene to dismay any woman, though Edith Roosevelt perhaps had more reason than most for being impatient with her reckless brood. For Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, and the hallway in which the hikers stood dripping was in the White House.

As was typical of him, Teddy Roosevelt's charm was equal to his need. Mrs. Roosevelt was quite likely to bundle them all off to bed, father as well as children, but she did not forbid future hikes through the wild Rock Creek Gorge. She

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knew her forceful, energetic husband and the young chips from his block too well.

This particular hike was not an isolated escapade but an example of a favorite Roosevelt pastime that was both the despair and delight of official Washington. Known within the family as an "obstacle walk," it was a kind of glorified follow-the-leader game. After a destination had been selected, there could be no deviation from a beeline path, even for a cliff or haystack or fence — that is, if one wished to be admired for his "pluck," a highly valued Roosevelt virtue. And if an "obstacle walk" had been promised the boys, few affairs of state were considered important enough by their father to postpone the game.

From his first day in the presidential mansion, T.R. resolved not to let official duties interfere with his home life. Though he was filled with awe for the great men of the past who had lived in it, he let no stuffy sense of dignity or fitness of things inhibit the casual home life practiced in the White House during his stay there.

With overtones of disapproval, present-day psychologists would call T.R. a "permissive" father for allowing wild games of "hide-and-seek" and "tag-on-stilts" in majestic White House corridors. Older men in the Presidential cabinet openly labeled as "adolescent" this youngest of the Presidents. (He was 42 when he took office.) But Teddy took their criticism with good humor and continued to enjoy a pillow fight with his children whenever he or they felt the urge.

Such lively outbursts were simply the spontaneous reactions of this vigorous family to an inborn relish for life. They had always behaved so. Their home, Sagamore Hill, at Oyster Bay, Long Island, was quite accustomed to the rollicking Roosevelts. There, swimming, woodchopping (as a before-breakfast tune-up), and haying (in season) were sample methods of working off surplus Roosevelt energy.

Part of this man's magnetic charm for young people lay in his ability to enter easily and naturally into a child's imaginative world. His brilliant mind could make the switch instantly from the arbitration of the Russo-Japanese quarrel (for which he was granted the Nobel Peace Prize in 1905) to the problems of stalking a "lion" on the hearthrug of the state drawing room, or from a discussion of the nation's need for a Pure Foods Act to the role of "bear-back" mount for little Ethel. Such moments of release from tension left his mind refreshed, his children happy.

Permissive, Theodore Roosevelt certainly was — amazingly so for a time when most fathers ruled with a heavy hand. But there was always an undergirding code of honor. This his children understood and respected because he practiced it him-

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self. They knew their father had no sympathy for deceit and lying. On the positive side, he stressed three qualities: obedience, manliness, and truthfulness.

Little needed to be said to the Roosevelt boys and girls about behavior. They had scant time or inclination for malicious mischief. They were too busy with a dozen activities — all encouraged by, and many shared with, their father.

Love of nature was also quietly instilled by outdoor fun with a famous father. In his own college days, T.R. meant to become a career naturalist. Instead, study of the outdoor world and its living things became his lifetime hobby. It was the impetus that led him to spark and carry out what many think to be his most significant contribution to America — a forest conservation program and the establishment of our National Parks.

Then there were the pets — the White House has neither before nor since played host to such a menagerie. Puppies, kittens, guinea pigs, rabbits, baby alligators, garter snakes, and white mice — all to rest at last in the Pet Cemetery at Sagamore Hill, loved, wept, and remembered.

Despite this father's contagious zest for the active life, never think for a minute that the Roosevelts led lives dedicated to nothing else. As scholar and author, T.R. managed to write some 30 books, besides a constant flow of magazine articles.

He also found time to read to his children — on rainy days, around a campfire, at bedtime. Sharing books became a cherished Roosevelt tradition.

BUT THE time came, as it must in all families, when the young birds began to fly the nest. Ted and Kermit were sent away to school. Their father accepted the challenge to keep home ties strong.

A book of Teddy Roosevelt's letters to his sons, published by them after his death, has become a teenage classic. In these letters he chatted as easily and naturally as his conversation flowed. He reported the health of Kermit's terrier. He wrote affectionately of their mother and described her new blue dress. He spoke seriously of the boys' small and his own larger problems, as confidingly as if Ted and Kermit were his own age. It is not surprising that the letters were kept. Or that, unasked, the boys wrote replies which would have delighted any father and mother.

All this was 50 years ago. One wonders how T.R. would have matched his vitality and time to the vastly increased responsibilities of today's Presidency? Certainly both would have to be rationed more carefully were he occupying the White House in this complex moment of history. But the qualities and habits which made him an exceptional father in 1902 would be good aims for any father in any year.

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Fourteen Commandments *for* America Today

BY GEORGE E. STRATEMEYER

Lt. Gen., USAF, (Ret.)

1 • Don't surrender one more inch of ground to Chinese Communists.

2 • Don't let one American ground soldier die in preventing Red China from taking any of Chiang Kai-shek's territory.

3 • Equip, feed, and arm President Syngman Rhee's forces and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's forces, and encourage turning them loose.

4 • Organize an American Foreign Legion *of all people in the Far East* who want to fight Communism, just as the Soviet does in China and Germany to fight the West.

5 • Stop all appeasement to Communism.

6 • Let Great Britain give Communist China Hong Kong if they are so anxious to give other people's real estate away.

7 • Let's get our prisoners out of Red China dungeons even if we have to fight for them.

8 • The same people who sold China and European Soviet satellites down the river should not now be advising the present American administration.

9 • Let's get rid of fear — repeat fear — and practice "In God We Trust," with fight in it.

10 • "In God We Trust" should be our cry from the house tops by all veterans, American Legion members, Veterans of Foreign Wars, etc., and all Americans with guts.

11 • I agree with General Chennault that Communist China is a "paper tiger" of bluff and bluff. Let us stop — repeat stop — bluffing, and call Red China's bluff.

12 • Withdraw recognition of the Soviet and all her satellites and kick them out of the United States of America.

13 • We should reserve our real power for the real enemy, "the Soviet," and not fritter it away on Korean type actions.

14 • Every American citizen should vote in local, Congressional, and Presidential elections.

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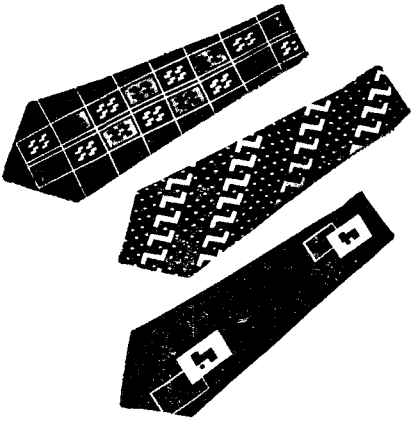
AROUND YOUR NECK



By JOHN N. SIAS

WOMEN buy 85 per cent of the 190,000 neckties sold each year, and men long ago resigned themselves to this fact. On Father's Day, birthdays, and Christmas, it's ten to one, Dad, that your present is going to be a necktie.

But more often than not, the ladies get a grin of thanks, the gift is worn once — and put away at the back of a tie rack.

This led to the foundation of "Horsley's International Necktie Exchange." Since 1935, Seattle's William Henry Horsley has been operating his own tie exchange where anyone can swap even-Stephen. This is not a business with Bill, only a hobby. His sentiments are: "Even if you get another horse blanket, at least you've got the first one out of the house."

Of course, strictly in another class are the men who make a hobby of collecting ties. An ex-mayor of Omaha, Nebraska, Charles W. Leeman, has 1,900. He says that with the exception of a favored few, he almost never wears the same tie twice and has scores he has never worn. Among his collection are 100 solid reds and 600 hand-painted babies. Cherished are his special-event ties: Jack Dempsey numbers for fights, others for every other sport from skating to basketball.

Leeman usually pays between $3.50 and $35.00 for a single tie and insures his collection for $7,500, half of its cost. He doesn't like bow ties, prefers "something colorful that will really fill up your shirt bosom." Some of his ties are silk, others leather, doeskin, and some are even waterproof. He takes particular pride in one made of unborn calf which was presented him by a Texas oilman. "Only tie in the world made of an unborn calf," Leeman boasts.

Some tie manufacturers claim it is ridiculous to spend more than $10

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for a single tie. Said one producer, "Even if you used 14-karat gold thread and the best silk-satin material, it would be pretty hard to spend more than $6.50 in producing a tie that might sell for $20. Any man who pays even $10 for a tie ought to have his head examined."

On the opposite side are the specialty shops who consider their ties as objects of art. Countess Mara, a famous name in high-priced neckware in New York, sets her price at $6.50 to $20 and has produced and sold a million and a half ties.

At the A. Sulka shop on Fifth Avenue, their $18.50 hand-painted ties are still in demand. They have no qualms of over-charging the customer. Their philosophy is: "A man never buys a tie because he needs one; he buys it because he likes it."

There are ties to fit the man in Leonard Stern's Chicago store. Stern, a custom neckware businessman, customizes his ties, considering the height, weight and neck size of the customer. He tells of one customer 8′6″ tall who buys 64″ ties, 10″ to 15″ longer than the average

Salvadore Dali, the surrealist artist, has done considerable designing for tie companies. When asked if he thought it proper for a great artist to design ties, he replied in his heavy accent, "The modern artist should participate in every kind of extra-curricular activity. After all, Michelangelo designed the dress for the Pope's guards."

In England, the Eton man is known by his tie. This principle of connecting the man to his school or company is the basis of the success of G. S. Harvale and Co. The company started when two young men, graduating from Harvard Business School, bought a second-hand machine and began to turn out knotted school ties. Their first big order was for 100 dozen ties for the Harvard Varsity Club.

Next the Socony Vacuum Oil Co. placed an order. Soon after that, 1,000 employees attending an anniversary dinner were presented with blue silk ties decorated with a pattern of flying red horses. Socony is only one of many companies to take advantage of this morale builder. Slogan of G. S. Harvale and Co. is, "It's the tie that binds."

Still another illustration of a small-time tie business on the upgrade is that of the Princeton man and Countess Mara. Entering the exclusive tie shop where prices start at $6.50, he said he wanted to buy two or three "artistic nudes." He stated that until recently he was totally dependent on his family for such Mara creations. Then he explained that those he owned, he frequently rented to classmates at 50 cents an evening. Now laden with profits, he had come to increase his stock.

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WHY WE RETREAT IN THE COLD WAR

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

THE PROVERBIAL housewife who cheerily swept her dust under the bed would be at home today in some of our exalted Washington circles, for our officialdom is full of dust-hiders. As a nation, we are becoming chronic deniers of the unpleasant. The reverse side of our superb national optimism is an ingrained unwillingness to face the bitter fact.

Such a bitter fact is staring us in the face today, and few of our statesmen are acknowledging it. The unhappy truth is that we are losing the Cold War. World Communism, instead of being stopped, is steadily narrowing the wide gap of superiority that we once enjoyed. Unless we speedily change our course, we are certain to be surpassed in a few more years.

But because the defeat we are suffering is a creeping one — because we still enjoy a paper lead — because we are mesmerized by the delusion that we have dependable "allies" — because we impute mythical power to such hobgoblins as the United Nations — most of us are not even aware of what is happening to us. We continue to ignore the thundering future.

It is so much more pleasant to deny the disagreeable than to do the hard and the dangerous thing that would overcome it.

What confuses us is the fixed habit of our statesmen, and their claque of columnists and commentators, of enthusiastically hailing every brief pause in Russia's advance as a "turning point" or a decisive setback to Communism. Right now we are witnessing another exhibition of this wishful thinking in the chorus of editorial comment that greets Malenkov's fall as a sign of Russia's weakness. Our history, since Yalta and Potsdam, has been punctuated by a whole series of such imaginary Kremlin setbacks. The irony is that after every supposed reverse, Communism has picked itself up and gone on to further gains and triumphs. It is only ourselves who have been fooled.

Thus, the Truman Doctrine of March 12, 1947, which was to place limits on Russia's further advance, was followed, less than a year later, by the Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia, the richest prize of Central Europe.

The Marshall Plan of June 5, 1947, which was hailed as an historic

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setback to Communism, was followed by the ordeal of the Berlin blockade (now recognized as a mere diversion to occupy us fearfully in Europe while the main play was taking place in Asia). Shortly thereafter came the unopposed conquest of China, the greatest Red triumph since 1917.

The American-UN intervention in Korea in 1950, greeted at the time as the definite halt of Communism in Asia, was followed by three humiliating years of war which our British "ally" wouldn't let us win, and the final ignoble act of Eisenhower capitulation in 1953. ("I will go to Korea.") Instead of a reverse, Communism ended up in the winner's corner, with another segment of East Asia surrendered to her rule.

The Republican Platform "liberation" pledge of 1952 followed by the bold Dulles threat of "massive retaliation" seemed, to many hopeful Americans, to mark the definite halt of Communism's Asiatic advance. But this was immediately followed by the shameful Mendès-France deal with the Reds at Geneva, and by American acquiescence in the surrender of a further slice of Asia to Red conquest, in Viet Nam.

Even this has not halted the American retreat. We have just witnessed the senseless surrender of the Tachen Islands, which Free China, at the urging of our own military advisers in Formosa, had fortified as a key citadel against Peiping.

In each instance, the American people have been buoyed up with the belief that something final had been done by our side to contain Communism. And each chapter has led relentlessly to further Communist aggrandizement. We have been the repeated dupes of our own political fantasies.

WHY HAVE we cut such an inglorious figure, in the decade of our supreme power? The answer can be found in the curious incapacity of our national leaders to see the world picture as a whole. Communism has had a world plan. We have not, unless we can call our suicidal reliance upon the United Nations a "plan." At a time when we could have remade the world to our liking, we have contented ourselves with short-term expedients, while Russia played for the long-term. We have appeased, and retreated, and procrastinated while the house of our world leadership has been on fire. And while we have deluded ourselves that we were getting somewhere, Russia and her satellites have been following a logically thought-out program of expansion which has marched triumphantly to its goals in both Europe and Asia.

Our blunderbuss policy toward Russia is not something which has just begun. It has been on continuous exhibition since the days of Lenin. In a literal sense, it can be said that Communism's present world power has been built, tier by tier, upon the underpinnings of repeated Free World blunders. If world

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Communism is a hideous menace today, it is such because our short-sighted statesmanship has made it so. Without an almost unbelievable sequence of American and Western European imbecilities over the last 38 years, Russia today would be as powerless to threaten us as Nehru's India and Peron's Argentina. We have been the Frankenstein of our own monster.

Clear-sighted James Forrestal once remarked that if our statesmen only made mistakes, it would be inescapable that they would sometime make a mistake in our favor. Something more than mere blundering has been at work.

Let us briefly recap some of the unconscionable American decisions which have made world Communism what it is today. They are not pleasant to recall.

Time has obscured the events, but it is an interesting reflection that the whole Communist movement would be little more than an historical footnote today if the United States and Great Britain had had a realistic anti-Communist policy in 1919 and 1920 when Lenin and his new regime were holding on by an eyelash in Moscow. From quoted remarks of Lenin, it is apparent that the father of Bolshevism did not actually expect his regime would last more than six months when he seized power.

What he could not have foreseen was that Great Britain and the United States would be seized by such a palsy of the will, when it came to postwar Russia, that they would never actually make up their minds to launch an all-out thrust. And so, while Kolchak, and Denikin, and Petlura, and Yudenich, and the other White Russian challengers withered on the vine for lack of adequate support, the Allies blew hot and cold over the whole project. In the end they did nothing, and Lenin survived.

The Hamlet role of the British and Americans in 1919 could not be ascribed to ignorance of the consequences of Communist survival. Everything which is said today about the deadly danger to the Free World of Communist Russia could be matched in the frenzied utterances of the alarmists of 1919. If anything, the Bolshevik phobia was more intense than it is today. Lenin had burst upon the world like a clap of doom. The newspapers, the pulpits, the halls of Congress rocked with choke-voiced warnings of what it would mean if Bolshevism should survive in the Kremlin. And yet, despite all this breast-beating, nothing was done. A Lenin who could have been pushed over with a finger was allowed to consolidate his power.

In this planlessness of the Free World in 1919 and 1920, there was a forecast of the wavering weakness which was due to characterize the United States in all its later decisions on Russia.

The second American master

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blunder was made on November 17, 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt opened the gates to the later Communist infiltration of our own government by giving diplomatic recognition to Stalin's Russia. Subsequent revelations have told us that this momentous step was not taken as the result of serious thinking by the President. It was not taken after a careful balancing of consequences. It was taken upon a whim.

Winston Churchill tells the story, in his account of the colloquys at Yalta. He quotes Roosevelt as saying:

> In 1933, my wife visited a school in our country. In one of the classrooms she saw a map with a large blank space on it. She asked what was the large blank space and was told they were not allowed to mention the space — it was the Soviet Union. That was one of the reasons why I wrote to President Kalinin asking him to send a representative to Washington to discuss the opening of diplomatic relations. That is the history of our recognition of Russia.

A decision which overnight gave Russia the status of a world power was made as a result of the visit of Mrs. Roosevelt to a schoolroom!

This fatal recognition led to Alger Hiss, and to Harry D. White, and to Judie Coplin, and to Gregory Silvermaster and to Klaus Fuchs and Harry Gold and the betrayal of the atom bomb secret to Moscow. It led to the incredible years of the Red Decade, which Eugene Lyons has limned so unforgettably, when Earl Browder had entrée to the White House.

Roosevelt's reprehensible act handed to the Kremlin on a platter what it could never have won by its own unaided means.

THE NEXT decisive date was 1941, when the U.S. stepped in and saved Stalin's Russia from certain and final destruction by the Germans. Historians will long debate whether the military decision which we made at that time was a wise one, in the longer perspective. Even at the time, it was a profound shock to most American people. Even Harry S. Truman, who was later to sign the Potsdam Pact, expressed the thought which was in most American minds when he observed, in 1941, that we ought to let the two dictatorships of Stalin and Hitler fight themselves to exhaustion while the Free World preserved its strength.

The fact remains that only six weeks after the German attack on Russia, and while we were still technically neutral, Harry L. Hopkins was in Moscow as Roosevelt's personal representative, promising Stalin virtually everything which he asked for — anti-aircraft guns, aluminum, machine guns, heavy bombers, tanks, steel, etc. At the time, Stalin was on the ropes, ready to make any commitment which the United States might exact in return for these supplies.

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If Harry L. Hopkins or his superior attached any conditions to the American supplies which began to flow to Russia, history has never heard of them. We simply gave Stalin the mountains of supplies, and trusted him with child-like faith to play the game with us after the war.

When American families shiver at the thought of Russian H-bombs wiping out tens of millions of American lives in some future World War III, they have the grim knowledge that there would probably be no Communist Russia today were it not for Hopkins' Lend-Lease in the war years.

THE SAME amazing disregard for America's long-range interests was shown by our rulers and their advisers in their hot-housing of Communism in Asia.

Americans who are afraid to protect the little Tachen Islands for fear we will be attacked by Chinese Communism can remember wryly that Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai were on the point of disbanding their movement and leaving China in 1936 when we persuaded Chiang Kai-shek to give them a new lease on life. When Chiang Kai-shek was taken a prisoner at Sian in 1936 and held captive for 13 days, he was in the China Northwest to prepare a final clean-up campaign against the enfeebled Chinese Communists at Yenan. So unsure of themselves were the Communists that, some time earlier, they had sent an intermediary to Chiang to ask if they could be promised safe conduct to Russia, if they abandoned their campaign.

After his release from the Sian captivity, Chiang was persuaded, by the Americans and other counselors, to make a pact with Mao Tse-tung, under which the suppression drive against the Communists would be discontinued, and the Communists in turn would aid the government in its struggle against Japan, then imminent. Chiang kept his word, but the Communists used this breathing spell to revive their movement, and then to go on, with war-enforced strength, to challenge Chiang for the rule of China after 1945.

The chronicle of other American assists to the Communists in the Far East would overflow the limits of this article. It would include the indefensible decision made at the Moscow conference of 1944 to furnish Russia with $1.5 billion of Lend-Lease to arm and equip a Far East Russian Army. It was this Far East Army, thus brought to life by American Lend-Lease gifts, which marched into Manchuria in the last six days of the Japanese war, and held the rich province until 1946, when it turned it over, with an immense stockpile of arms, to Mao's Chinese Communists.

The chronicle would include Yalta, and the Marshall Mission, and the 11-month blockade on American arms for Chiang Kai-shek in 1946–47, and the hand-washing of President Truman in 1948 when Chiang ap-

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pealed to him for eleventh hour aid, and Jessup's White Paper of 1949, and Acheson's cynical "Let the dust settle." It would include the withholding from Congress for two years of the Wedemeyer report which might have saved China. It would show a humiliating record of six years of American blindness in the Far East when, by successive acts, we undermined the pro-American Chiang Kai-shek and acquiesced, if not worse, in the strategy of Mao Tse-tung.

If ever there was a spot where American stupidity and pliability handed over an unearned triumph to Communism it is in unhappy China.

THE FINAL bone-play of the United States in Asia was its tossing away of the opportunity to smash the Communist regime in China in November, 1950, when Mao Tse-tung's troops attacked us at the Yalu River. A mainland invasion by Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa army, synchronized with a smashing American air attack upon the staging points and transportation supply line of the Chinese army in North Korea would have crumpled up the Peiping regime like a piece of cardboard. The Chinese Communists had not yet stabilized their rule in China, and they were making a desperate gamble in hitting us in Korea. (General MacArthur has suggested that they were not gambling at all: that they were told by one of our "allies" that they could attack with impunity.)

Instead of recognizing that our enemy had delivered himself into our hands, we refused to snatch our victory. In the face of the advice of Generals MacArthur, Van Fleet, Stratemeyer, and Clark, we proceeded to fight and lose the war on Red China's own terms. Had we smashed the Peiping regime at that time, there would have been no subsequent 130,000 American casualties in Korea, no North Korea, no Geneva conference with its issue of a Red Viet Nam, and no present peril at Formosa; no festering threat to Japan. We would have solved all our Far East problems with one blow, and solved them victoriously. Instead, with suicidal irrationality, we chose to confirm permanent Communist rule of China.

The net of all this is that the United States, by a generation of mistakes, has transformed a wobbly Communism, in both Russia and China, into the most terrific military threat that this nation has ever faced. A fire which we could have stamped out with our own feet at the beginning has spread into a conflagration that is consuming the world. And we haven't a ghost of a chance of stopping it unless we come out of our political coma and recognize it as what it is — something which has to be fought, and not dallied with.

This does not mean that our future is hopeless. We can yet beat Communism if we shake off the

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mentality which has led us to such incredible past blunders. We can beat Communism if we stop following irresolute national leaders who think that peace is more important than national honor, and even national survival.

For time is the one thing which the Communist world must have, if it is to overcome us. Today, Russia, China and the satellites are not ready for the showdown. Their blueprints for the transformation of the huge Sino-Russian land mass into a humming mass-production workshop for war have been only partially executed. Their intercommunicating transportation is still in construction. Their atomic and guided missile experimentation probably lags behind our own. Most important of all, the armies of technicians needed to man a modernized, mechanized society of 800,000,000 people are still largely in training. Red Eurasia, although coming forward economically like a rushing flood, is still not ready. President Eisenhower has reassuringly estimated that we have a non-war period of possibly fifty years ahead of us. Ten years would be a safer forecast, but when this period ends, we will face Armageddon.

By the same token, time is the one thing which the United States does not have — if it is to avert ultimate catastrophe. Every year that the Communist nations gain, through our indecision, brings them nearer to their goal of equality. Every year that we toss away, narrows the gap of our present superiority.

In this fact should lie the basis for our foreign policy, in Russia and in the Far East. We cannot afford to allow the enemy to get set. We cannot afford to allow him the years of peace in which he can consolidate and pyramid his power. We cannot indulge ourselves with the poisonous United Nations delusion that the mere prevention of shooting war represents some kind of a gain for us. There are times when small shooting wars can save us from global shooting wars in the future, in which we would certainly perish. Today, when we sit in the top seat, we have nothing to gain and everything to lose by postponing the showdown crisis.

Obviously, the one program which will play most surely into Communist hands at this juncture is the Walter Lippmann-Clement Atlee proposal of coexistence. The great glacial mass of manpower that is Russia and China will grow stronger through coexistence, while we recede. They have the resources and the know-how to do it. They need only the bridge of time.

America can still stop Communism, despite its past epochal mistakes, but only if it recognizes the time-bomb that Moscow has set against us, and if it puts its first team in the field. It cannot stop Communism if it still continues to reassure itself with hopeful flights into the fabulous.

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HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

By Howard Rushmore

SNIFFING at the political winds, the Communists are now in what might be termed the subversive's own Great Debate — whether or not to organize a third party in 1956.

Launching of such a movement is nothing new to the comrades, and their unsuccessful attempts in the past are no barrier to another end run next year. The Party press is beginning to buzz with anticipation and chances are good the conspiracy will come up with a stable mate of the Progressive or Farmer-Labor outfits of bygone seasons.

The *Daily Worker* kicked off, with considerable space given to the "views" of John McManus and Simon Gerson, who engaged in "discussions" of whether a third party was desirable. McManus, editor of the Party line weekly, *National Guardian*, said there was no alternative. Gerson, New York State legislative director of the Communists, was more cautious and said the whole debate was an "exchange of ideas among fellow-fighters for peace and democracy." This forthright statement was followed by Gerson's polite opinion that McManus probably was right.

This is taking a leaf out of the Moscow book. The "debate" will continue. Fellow travelers and hidden conspirators will "argue the issue" with known Communists. In a few months, on the basis of "liberal and labor agreement," the comrades will set up a third party and look for another Henry Wallace.

Currently, the comrades are making eyes at Michael Quill, Transport Workers Union president, who has, himself, been making third party noises around the CIO. They even invited Mike to the "debate" but Quill failed to show up among his old buddies (Congressional witnesses have named him as a one-time Red dues-payer) and left momentarily unanswered the question of his availability.

Quill's insatiable love of publicity and his always-present lust for power might lead to strange things in the 1956 political fracas. It's a cinch the organized labor movement will string along with the Democrats. If a third party comes into being, remnants of the Progressives, the "independent" Communist unions, and left-wing liberals might jell themselves together to push through its formation. If they do, Mike Quill may be the man they ask to assume its leadership.

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What You May *Not* Know About the FBI

BY THEODORE WACHS, JR.

RECENTLY, an otherwise well-informed friend of mine, knowing that I used to be an FBI agent, asked me to tell him "the real truth about FBI third-degree methods." I did. In my five years with the FBI, I never saw an agent use third-degree methods on a prisoner, and I'm pretty sure that any agent who tried it more than once or twice would have been bounced forthwith. Once would be enough if he got caught.

My friend's question set me wondering: how much do most people really know about this popular government agency? I recalled other sincere but off-the-beam queries I had encountered since I left the Bureau and decided that FBI methods and practices, though necessarily hush-hush when security is involved, could stand a more general airing than they get.

Here are some of the questions about the Bureau that I have come across most often and the answers I give when I can. Since I'm no longer connected in any way with the FBI, my comments are strictly unofficial. With an ex-agent's detachment, I try to discuss them just as one tax-paying citizen to another.

What about those FBI dossiers on citizens?

A lot of people seem to think the FBI has a "secret dossier" on just about everybody, collecting all the back-fence gossip and slanted rumors that his enemies might care to report. Don't believe it. Unless you have been involved in a violation of a Federal law, have applied for a job with a "sensitive" government agency, or have been more than casually connected with a subversive organization, the FBI

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doesn't know or care as much about you as the folks next door.

The FBI has thousands of dossiers (they call them "files" in the Bureau), but all are connected in some material way with Federal violations, government positions, or national security. This is how a "case file" gets started:

Let's say that Mr. A goes to the local FBI office and makes a complaint about Mr. B, who he thinks is a Communist Party member. The agent on duty will listen carefully to all Mr. A has to say and then question him about *why* he believes B is a Communist. He'll dig for facts — names, dates, places, people, statements. Later, he will write a report which goes to the Agent in Charge, or his assistant, for review.

Let's suppose that A's complaint has some really good information, such as B's attendance at known Communist meetings. The office will open an active case, assign it to an agent, and a file is started. In time, yes, a "dossier" will build up.

But suppose that no real facts come out of the interview and it seems pretty clear that Mr. A is just working off a grudge. The agent will simply write a short memo for the records recommending no further action. The Agent in Charge will probably agree with his findings and the matter is dropped.

I have reviewed hundreds of case files. I don't recall any that stayed open very long or could rightly be called "dossiers" when there wasn't anything but prejudicial gossip involved.

Who are those FBI undercover agents you read about?

Let me straighten out some terms for you. An FBI Special Agent is a man (the Bureau has no female Special Agents) who reports to a Field Division office and usually carries a "load" of a dozen or more different cases. He hardly ever goes undercover. For one thing, he would be spotted too easily; FBI agents look remarkably like FBI agents. For another, undercover work would take him out of service except for the particular case concerned.

It's simpler and more effective, whenever possible, to use trustworthy people who already belong to the group under investigation or can easily and naturally be slipped into it. That's much less expensive, too. The Bureau calls these people "confidential informants." The newspapers usually call them "undercover agents." One good Special Agent can handle several informants and perform other chores, too.

Why do these informants take on such unsavory assignments? Pure patriotism, sometimes. Others like the excitement and "important" feeling. Many do it for money. I recall one informant I worked with in New York during the war who netted more per week for his information-gathering than I did. He was worth the difference, too.

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Before you scorn these paid informants, remember that they often work hard and long under nervous pressure, expose themselves to harm if they slip up, and frequently must neglect their usual bread-winning jobs to carry out Bureau assignments.

How do you know that what the informant tells you is true?

You don't, always. But it's FBI practice to double-check informants' reports. Some of the methods used to accomplish this come under the hush-hush category. Mostly, however, they're just commonsense precautions. If C-13 tells you that Joe Stumble will attend an important meeting at a certain time on a certain day, it's usually possible to have an agent, armed with Joe's description, in the neighborhood ahead of time. If Joe doesn't show up, the informant is asked to explain. Informants are subject to reprimand and firing, even as you and I.

When does the FBI decide to move in and make an arrest?

There are some preliminaries here that you may not realize. Unless he actually sees a crime committed, an FBI agent hardly ever makes an arrest without a warrant issued by the United States Commissioner and authorized by the United States Attorney. That last condition is particularly important. The FBI gathers evidence and makes reports; generally, it doesn't take action until the Department of Justice, through its local District Attorney, decides that someone should be arrested and brought to trial. It's got to be that way, because the Department — not the FBI — does the prosecuting in court. That's a point to keep in mind when you're debating about whether someone should or should not have been put in jail in a Federal case.

I can remember many cases involving much investigative work that were abruptly dropped when the U. S. Attorney declined to prosecute. On the other hand, the U. S. Attorney can and sometimes does *start* investigations by asking for an FBI report on a Federal matter that has come to his attention.

On the important "security" cases — those Communist Party trials, for example — the decision to prosecute must come directly from the Attorney General's office in Washington. The actual courtroom scene might culminate weeks or months of FBI work. With this process in mind, it's easy to see how FBI investigations can be helped — or bottled up — by the Government's lawyers.

What did *you* do when you were in the FBI?

Despite the title, *Special* Agent, most FBI men sooner or later handle practically all types of Bureau assignment. Except for the larger offices such as New York or Chicago, agents rarely specialize very long.

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A constant reshuffling process, directed from the seat of government, keeps their assignments varied.

In total man-hours, probably the bulk of agents' time goes into criminal work, with "internal security" matters a close second and a large dose of applicant investigations at the start. At least that's how my own career was spent. In my five years as a Special Agent, I had a crack at most of the 130 Federal statutes over which the FBI has jurisdiction. (I never did investigate a violation of the National Migratory Bird Act but I had a couple of cattle theft cases in Florida.) Perhaps the most active statute of all is the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act; it seems that someone is always transporting a stolen car across state lines. Another popular one, despite its somewhat antiquated sound, is the White Slave Traffic Act which covers, literally, a multitude of sins.

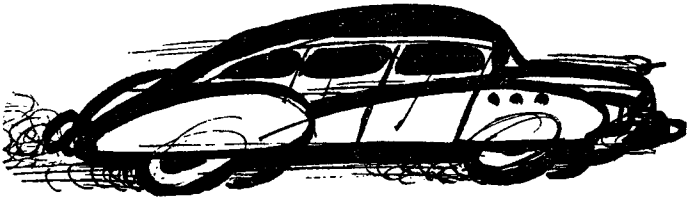
By the way, the FBI, contrary to general opinion, does *not* handle all Federal violations. It has nothing to do with tax matters, for instance, which come under the Treasury Department's own criminal division. Counterfeiting, another Treasury problem, and Army-Navy security matters, handled directly by military or naval intelligence, are other important exceptions.

Who will succed J. Edgar Hoover as FBI Director?

Ah, you've got me there. For 30 years, J. Edgar Hoover has directed the Bureau. His policies and personality have shaped its greatness as a law enforcement agency. It's hard to think of anyone else running the show.

This much I'll hazard: I'm satisfied that Mr. Hoover has definite ideas about the succession and will do all he can to see that Bureau standards are continued when he steps down. Meanwhile, don't blame him if he keeps his ideas pretty much to himself. Mr. Hoover has just reached 60 and always has been ruggedly healthy. He has turned down many job offers through the years despite the fact that they paid much more money than government service could ever promise.

My own guess is that when the fiftieth anniversary of J. Edgar Hoover's employment by the Department of Justice rolls around in 1969, he will still be at the helm of the FBI.



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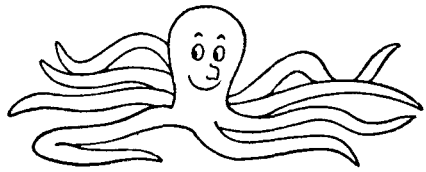
✯Twelve Hundred Miles *for* FISH...



By Frank Driscoll

DEEP-SEA trawling is one of the highest paid industries in Britain today. Deck hands can earn £20 a week, mates £40 a week, and skippers anywhere from £50 to £200 a week. Bearing in mind that the average weekly income in Britain is £8, and even a senior cabinet minister earns only £100 a week, this is certainly good money.

But the fisherman's lot is no sinecure, as I found recently when I sailed to the Arctic as a member of the crew of a deep-sea trawler.

From Hull, England's great east coast fishing port, I sailed in the 170-foot *Lord Willoughby*, a chunky, powerful three-year-old, coal-fired vessel. There were 21 of us in the crew; we carried coal and supplies for a three weeks' trip; and we were bound north, to the northern tip of Norway — 1,200 miles away and 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle.

On the third day out from Hull, as we ran up the mountainous Norwegian coast, a sou'westerly gale overtook us and brought with it black-frost, the trawlerman's most hated enemy. Black-frost is like a gray sea-mist that moves slowly over the surface of the water, enveloping everything in its icy grip. It is intensely cold. Quickly, the *Lord Willoughby* became inundated with ice, her decks inches thick as the seas that swept aboard froze, her rigging and superstructure coated with layer upon layer of frozen spray.

With this extra weight, the seaworthiness of the vessel was seriously impaired, and soon the skipper had to give orders to heave-to and await an easing in the weather so that the ice could be axed from the decks.

After six days steaming, we arrived on the fishing grounds, two banks about 100 miles south of North Cape and 30 miles offshore. These are the feeding grounds for cod that head for the Norwegian fjords to breed. On the edge of these banks, in water ranging from 300 to 900 feet in depth, we shot the trawl.

The trawl is like a huge butterfly net, which, when dragged along the sea-bed, swallows everything in its path. During fishing, the net is hauled every two hours. It is brought alongside, and the cod-end (as the

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end of the net is called), bulging with fish, is hoisted and swung inboard. It is the bosun's job to get beneath this dripping bag, untie the rope that secures the end, and then smartly jump clear. He can be fatally injured if caught beneath the average two tons of fish that crash to the deck.

A poor haul will yield only one bag, but often the catch is such that it has to be brought aboard bit by bit. The most we caught in one haul was seven bags, which left our foredeck thigh-deep in squirming, jumping cod, many over four feet in length, their huge jaws snapping at the air around them.

Once all the catch is aboard, the net is put back over the side again and towing continues. The deck hands then set feverishly to work gutting the fish. The cleaned fish and their roes are stowed in ice in the fishroom below the foredeck, while the livers are taken aft to the liver-house and boiled in vats to extract the pure cod liver oil — a most valuable by-product of the catch.

Everyone works at full pressure. The fishermen (as the ten deck hands, mate, and bosun are referred to aboard) instead of doing 6 hours on watch and 18 off, as when steaming out, now do 6 hours below and 18 hours on deck — 18 hours on a reeling platform that is being continually swept by seas, fighting gale-strength winds and gutting fish that are often frozen solid as they lay there, some of which the average man couldn't even lift. The thermometer hovers between 10 to 15 below zero, and work can go on like this for 12 days or more if fishing is bad. There's no coming back with the fishroom half full.

After ten days on the fishing grounds, we turned for home, planning to get into Hull in time for Monday morning's market, considered to be the best. But by midday Thursday we were hove-to off the Norwegian coast in a screaming sou'-westerly gale, with our engine at half-speed but actually slowly going backwards. By the next morning, we were making progress again, and passed the half-way mark to Hull. To make Monday morning's market, we had to be in the fish-dock before 9 P.M. on Sunday.

We didn't make it. Fog came down as we entered the river, and slowly we had to go up to Hull by radar. At dead on 9 P.M., our skipper reckoned we were off the entrance to the fish-dock. We nosed closer in, searching for — and hoping we wouldn't see — the two red lights which would mean we couldn't come in. And then there was a shout: "Too late for tonight's tide!" from the lock attendant.

So down clattered the anchor. After steaming 1,200 miles, we had missed the coveted Monday morning market by three minutes!

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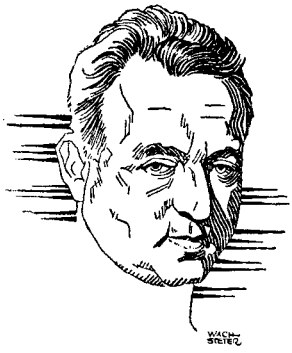

By Eugene Lyons

The Return to STALINISM

ONCE AGAIN the Kremlin has been unfair to its most ardent well-wishers abroad and to the more simple-minded of our Russian experts. After the death of Joseph Stalin, these gentry proceeded to erect a Taj Mahal of wishful thinking on what they happily hailed as the New Look in Moscow — and now the edifice has collapsed about their ears.

The formula of peaceful coexistence rested, in the final analysis, upon the assumption that a milder, more reasonable and benign regime was evolving in the Soviet Union. So where does it leave the coexistence enthusiasts now that the New Look has dissolved, exposing the same old visage, grim and savage and starkly Bolshevik, underneath?

Whether the cult of Stalin as a person will be revived in all its nauseous splendor is not yet clear. What is clear is that the essence of Stalinism — harsh, terror-ridden, contemptuous of the people — is rapidly being restored. The pretenses of a new benevolence are being sloughed off. What was billed as a change of heart turns out to have been only a change of tactics.

Even before he was laid by Lenin's side in the granite mausoleum on Red Square, Stalin's inheritors let it be known that a new era, a softer era, had dawned. With the senile madman out of the way, there would be fewer of his crudities and cruelties. His successors would devote themselves with fatherly solicitude to making life easier and safer for their long-suffering children.

To signalize the blessed reformation, the new bosses dissociated themselves demonstratively from the old one. His photographs disappeared from the press, his writings were pointedly snubbed in choosing sacred texts, the anniversaries of his birth and death were all but ignored. An amnesty was declared for some of Stalin's victims and his last great masterpiece of statecraft, the doctors'

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plot, was denounced as a fabrication.

At the same time, the emphasis in economic planning was switched from heavy industry to consumer goods. Promises of higher living standards were spelled out in percentages: so much more food, clothing, household gadgets, even if basic industries had to be curtailed to make it possible. The "voluntary" purchases of loan bonds forced upon all citizens were cut by half to give them more money to buy the goods-to-come.

THIS repudiation of the brutal past brought joy to foreign "friends of the Soviet Union" and solace to all breeds of neutralists. Now there was no longer any good reason for not doing business with Bolshevism. The old-style liquidation of Beria, who had been billed as one of the architects of the new moderation, did shock them briefly, but the will to believe soon conquered doubts.

But on December 21 last, the 75th anniversary of Stalin's birth was made the occasion for a new burst of Stalin worship. All the old master's works, including the last policy pronouncements just before his demise, were restored to official favor and again made binding upon true believers.

Then heavy industry was once more assigned top priority. More than that, undue concern for the lowly consumer was ominously equated with the heresies of purged enemies of the people like Bukharin and Rykov, which is to say with counter-revolution. And of course, all citizens are again being forced to volunteer a full month's wages to the annual loan, precisely as under Stalin.

None of this was exactly startling to those of us who had appraised the New Look as a maneuver dictated by dread of the people's wrath. The Soviet dictatorship, we believed, would in the long run be true to its own essential nature.

The promises and policy shifts were not, as hoaxed hopefuls would have it, a spontaneous expression of good will but primarily an attempt to contain popular unrest and stave off possible mutiny. Stalin's heirs were acutely aware of the waves of relief and hope touched off by his passing, and soon their fears were raised to panic pitch by the uprising in East Germany and explosions of hostility in other satellite areas. Disorders in the slave camps, climaxed by strikes in the Arctic region of Vorkuta, sent a chill down their spines.

Wherefore they acted to create a climate of relative moderation that would make it more difficult for "internal enemies" to make trouble. I wrote at that time: "This impulse, at critical junctures, to placate the masses and win their moral support is highly indicative. It evidences the fact that, for all its engines of physical and moral coercion, the high command of Bolshevism is not indifferent to domestic public opinion."

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But I warned that the new rulers would return to the old ways "once their jitters had been quieted and their power consolidated." To suppose that a totalitarian regime can transform itself from within in the direction of liberalism is to misunderstand the nature of totalitarianism. Its leaders are trapped by the system and by their own history. They are not free agents. Beyond a certain point, the relaxation of tension and terror could unleash forces of incalculable fury.

Do the Kremlin hierarchs feel that they have the situation well enough in hand to dispense with postures of benevolence that cramp their natural style? Perhaps. In any case those postures could not be maintained much longer in the face of the dismal failure to make good on any of the promises.

Far from improving, living conditions have been deteriorating. Agriculture has gone from bad to worse, to the point where famine in some regions is not ruled out. The Communist system is simply incapable of providing the food, the consumer goods, the marginal freedoms for which the masses yearn. Distrust and hatred of the regime were consequently being deepened by frustrated hopes. It seems likely that the Kremlin found itself, as frequently in past crises, with no real choice but to withdraw its promises and administer the only medicines it knows: more force.

To provide a plausible alibi for failure on the "consumer front" and renewed concentration on military production, the regime has been obliged to play up the "war danger." By way of build-up for the sacking of Malenkov and the return to heavy industry, the capitalist world and America specifically were pictured as readying an attack on the Soviet fatherland. The speeches of Molotov, Bulganin, Konev and others at the session of the Supreme Soviet which witnessed Malenkov's humiliation were, of course, in line with this internal necessity. Their sabre-rattling bluster was a cover for economic weakness and political pressures from below. Their wolfish struggle for power is not over; it will continue, as a reflection of the discontents and desperations in the population at large.

Meanwhile, the prophets of peaceful coexistence have been left out on a brittle and undignified limb. Their "new Soviet era" has turned out to be another mirage in the desert of Western confusions.

But the hope of a Bolshevism mellowed by time has survived disappointments before and will doubtless survive this one. It seems, indeed, to prosper on disillusionment.

The expectation that the Soviet dictatorship would one day rise out of its swamp of crime and gore, magically cleansed of its sins, has been a constant dream since 1917.

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It has sustained admirers abroad through decades of embarrassment and distress. They needed to believe that "the Revolution," having sowed its murderously wild oats, would, in the end, settle down as a decent, law-abiding system of life — and thus justify their stubborn faith in the Great Experiment. They could continue to defend it only by assuming that its "excesses" were accidental (an attribute of Russia rather than of Communism) and would in due time be dropped.

In the very first period, civil war and the overt opposition of remnants of pre-revolutionary groups provided an explanation for economic failure and political terror. But hunger, despair, mass slaughter of innocents, persisted long after all known "class enemies" had been killed off, long after the Kremlin had announced the achievement of a "classless society." The explanation ceased to satisfy even those who continued to use it.

Accordingly, it became incumbent upon the faithful to believe that the horrors were transitory. Ironical as it looks in the perspective of time, even the advent of Stalin was widely accepted as proof that the worst was over. The wild-eyed extremism typified by Trotsky — so the fairy tale went — had been defeated and a sober realist, concerned only with making socialism work in his own country, was in charge.

The mood of the time was best expressed by the fabulous, and in this context quite fatuous, Ivy Lee. Stalin, he assured us, had renounced the nonsense of world revolution and the Soviets therefore had ceased to menace the outside world. Now that it had outlived its revolutionary measles, we could, and must, do business with the Kremlin. Anyone who doubted this was an obsessed Red-baiter. Reasonable capitalists should — and they certainly did — supply the machinery and technical brains to help Stalin carry out his noble Five Year Plan.

That bout of self-delusion ended in the unfoldment of Russia's Iron Age of forcible collectivization, man-made famines, development of the slave-labor system and the rest of the obscenities of Stalinism. The "friends of the Soviet Union" conveniently forgot that Stalin was to usher in a time of moderation.

In the mid-thirties there was another wave of hope for the "inevitable" regeneration of Bolshevism from within. There was the "liberal" Stalin Constitution at home. There were the United Fronts and People's Fronts abroad. Many an expert announced that Soviet Russia was settling down at last, and that the time was ripe for a live-and-let-live accommodation with Communism. Soon enough those rosy hopes turned to crimson in the blood purges and seemed safely buried under the Stalin-Hitler pact of friendship that unleashed World War II.

But the many-lived myth of a transformed Sovietism was resur-

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rected, more robust than ever, after Nazi Germany pushed a reluctant Kremlin into ambiguous alliance with the great democracies. A beguiling thesis was set forth in learned books, articles, and speeches. It was to the general effect that Soviet Russia was gradually moving toward the Right, the West was gradually moving to the Left, and before long the two would meet on the middle ground and live together happily ever after.

This dream resolved into the nightmare of the Cold War. With a third of the human race firmly under the Moscow yoke, the Communist drive for world hegemony no longer seemed a figment of Red-baiting imaginations. Lingering doubts on this score were erased by the cruelly costly war in Korea, especially after Communist China hrew its forces — trained and equipped by Soviet Russia — onto the scales. At last, it seemed, we were through kidding ourselves.

Then came the death of Stalin, the New Look, and new proof that myths are indestructible.

WITHIN weeks after the demise of Joseph Vissarionovich, one Isaac Deutscher, accredited as a specialist on Russian affairs by both Oxford and Harvard, rushed into print with a book titled *Russia: What Next?*, purporting to describe the miraculous changes that he saw coming in the land of Soviets. It makes curious reading two years after.

A prudent fellow, Deutscher left himself plenty of room for retreat should his forecast go sour. The text, like the title, was hedged with question-marks. But he left no margin for real doubt that he personally believed his forecast. Because he had long cherished and defended "the Revolution" despite its crimes, Deutscher wanted passionately to believe that it would, at long last, justify his loyalty.

Communism in its Russian version was so savage, he had always contended, only because the country was barbarous and its people savages: "At first Bolshevism debased itself into Stalinism in order to be in harmony with Russia. Then Russia had to suffer permanent self-debasement to keep in line with Stalinism." But that was merely a phase of the evolution. Now that Stalin was out of the way, the road was clear to real Communism, liberal and decent and humane. The terrible price exacted in life and suffering, in physical oppression and moral depravity, would appear to have been worth it — Malenkov and his confreres were about to make monkeys of bourgeois infidels whose stomachs were too weak for the grim realities of history.

"Stalin," Deutscher explained, "was a slave to his own past, to his old heresy hunts and blood feuds. He could do nothing to disavow any part of his record." But his successors

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were under no such compulsions. "It was as if a long, severe, cruel political winter was over, a Siberian winter which had lasted for more than two decades. Spring was in the air. . . ."

"Reform from above forestalls upheaval from below," he went on. "The Stalinist methods of government cannot be continued now. . . . They have become impediments to further progress." (Mark the revealing words, *further progress!*) "Stalinism has exhausted its historical function" and the Revolution was now ready to "free itself from the terror that formerly safeguarded it."

In short, those who like Deutscher had not lost faith in Communism merely because it resorted to mass murder, torture, slave labor and the rest were vindicated. "Freedom," he declared in his concluding sentence, "may once again become the ally and friend of socialism; and then the 40 years of wandering in the desert may be over for the Russian revolution."

How silly, how grotesque, all this sounds in the light of the latest events. I have bothered to recall a book which few read and which the author himself would prefer to see buried only because it symbolizes, in crudely exaggerated form, the orgy of wishful thinking summed up in the popularity of "peaceful coexistence."

THE transformation of Russia is, in truth, inevitable. But it will not come "from above." It will come as a victory for the peoples of the country which will expunge the Soviet regime in full. Even a Deutscher had to acknowledge that "Malenkov's reforms reflect a popular craving for freedom" — a significant concession from a man who sneers at that populace as savages. That craving has not been crushed by nearly 40 years of the Red despotism.

The peoples of Russia, despite casualties running into tens of millions, refuse to yield allegiance to the gang in the Kremlin. The Soviet regime cannot buy that allegiance with inflated promises, because Communism in practice cannot possibly fulfill such promises — it is by its very nature incompatible with economic health and political freedom.

The free world may befuddle itself with fairy tales of a *modus vivendi*, peaceful coexistence, competitive coexistence. But in the long run its interests coincide with the yearnings and interests of the Kremlin's principal victims and principal enemies: the peoples of Russia. The best hope for mankind is in the emergence of an open, robust, and dedicated alliance between those peoples and the forces of freedom beyond the Soviet borders.

That, I think, is the moral of the Kremlin's return to Stalinism.

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Motoring With Mother

BY MAY WOOD KIX MILLER

MY IDEA of motoring has been to cover a reasonable distance each day, stop for lunch when noon came, and reach a given destination at night. At least, that *was* my idea, before I took Mother motoring.

Mother's idea is entirely different. She scorns the theory that the automobile is merely a means of transportation — a way to get somewhere. She thinks that a motor trip is a personal adventure into the countryside, and she lives her belief all the way. The common wayside flowers I scarcely notice, but those weeds all seem to be Mother's friends. "Just look at the Queen Anne's Lace," she will exclaim. "And the carpet of white daisies! And the black-eyed Susans — how large they are!" The wild rose, whether in Iowa, or in New York, throws Mother into a transport. "Oh let's stop, and get just a sample to wear," she says. "*Rosa Setigera*, one of the prairie roses; on its root is grafted many of our finest blooms."

And notebooks! How shall I ever motor again without notebooks? Mileage — beginning, end, and between; expenses to the last copper. Every stop at a filling station, or any wait which is comparatively uninteresting, finds Mother industriously writing it all down in those notebooks. Sandwiched in, written at night, or other odd moments, are descriptions of scenery, special enjoyments, comparisons of other journeys, and just "thoughts."

I don't say that Mother is unreasonable about stopping. But generally, she wants to miss nothing. For instance, Mother wants to stop at springs. "Oh, there is a spring," she will cry, in an enchanted tone, and so we stop. Or orchards, in bloom, or in fruit — Mother hates to miss one. Or there is just the coloring of the country: the pale green of the oats, the dark green of the soy beans, the brighter color of the wheat, or its rich yellow when ripe — the graying hay and alfalfa, with fragrance as well as color. All of these are noted by Mother,

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and when I admit that I can't tell the oats from the wheat — we must stop and get out, and get us a sample of oats — and then of wheat — I feeling like a crow, stealing from the farmer.

Or, in the mountains, she will spy a rivulet; around the next bend it has grown. "We're following it," she cries. It grows at every turn. "It's a river," says Mother, "it's going to run into the Connecticut."

"How wonderful," she says to me — "that you like to drive these winding mountain roads. Every bend is a new adventure, with woods and ferns, packed tightly on either side. People who like winding roads are interesting," says Mother. "They have faith, not always needing to see ahead. They are adventuresome, never knowing what will occur around the bend."

Small towns are another of Mother's enthusiasms, not that she yearns to stop, but she pictures the life in the small town, as she rides along. Court houses, too, are a special hobby. Their architecture, often Victorian, is quaint and arresting to Mother. As for institutions of learning, Mother will not miss one.

About historical markers, if there are many, we must miss them, but one or two now and then are required reading. Often, if pressed for time, I remind her of the D.A.R. lady who broke her leg getting out of the car to read the marker. "I might," says Mother. "You had better get out and read the next one."

The trend of the architecture of the region occupies our thoughts for miles. "Look," says Mother, as we come into Ohio from the west, "the houses are older, larger — of brick or stone, and much more substantial looking." Then comes a discussion of why the early pioneers built better than those who, later, went farther west. And then, says Mother, "See, every farmer in Ohio has saved a wood lot — a small tract filled with trees! In the Western states, they have ruthlessly cut down everything — even the beautiful trees which grew along the rivers and streams of the prairie country."

Often we have driven through regions where the houses are trimmed in "lace," Mother calls it. Most of them are in different patterns, and Mother finds them all intriguing.

In certain parts of Canada, she finds a prevailing architecture: large, plain, brick houses, with no overhanging eaves. As for china stores, Mother would drive to Canada for that particular purpose. She keeps a record of which shops in which towns keep certain favorite English patterns. A piece from here and there, for this friend, or that relative, gives us both much pleasure. "Gifts which suit and match are so satisfying to me," thinks Mother, so we always add to someone's pattern at almost every china store.

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Occasionally, I stop for calls on old friends, and we both like to stop at antique shops. In fact, it was the antique shops that finally converted me to stopping. Mother says that antiques are not in harmony with my character. But I love a bargain, and sometimes I find one in some dusty old place.

How we ever get to our destinations looks problematical, as I write. But somehow we do. We drive only 200 to 250 miles per day. Mother gets us up in the morning — not at dawn — but early enough. "Come," she calls, "or we won't be able to stop." That threatening word hangs over our heads, so I make haste.

Mother likes to take a lunch from home the first day of a trip. Most people who take a lunch are happy to find a roadside table. Not Mother! "We drive on the road," she says, "I do not care to eat on it." So we inquire for the town park, and lay our lunch near some lake or lagoon (this last a concession to me, as I love the water). At first, I didn't approve of the plan, but now I see its advantages; it is a rest to be away from traffic for a short time.

If there is no park or grove, or we have little time, Mother has a substitute. We must drive down a side road and stop under a couple of trees. "Somehow, I remember those places best," she says, "they are so of the country." Often, there are fields of grain or corn on both sides of us. Sometimes, there is a brook or creek near. Sometimes, there is a strawberry bed, or other specialty of the neighborhood. Often, Mother talks about the tree we are under: what kind it is, whether it was planted by an owner, or left there alone, when all its companions were uprooted in order to prepare the land for farming. By the time we leave, it seems as if we have been in a friendly place.

Mother is amusingly poor at directions, and she hasn't a good sense of geography. She can read a map, but she says it is something apart from her. She defers to me in a most flattering way on all matters of routes, directions, and driving. In fact, she seems to be in awe of my natural aptitude for choosing the right road. Nevertheless, she very often has a clear idea of where she wants to go, and what there is to see when she gets there. One other quality of Mother's is not the driver's dream. She would love to stop on a winding mountain road where there is no shoulder.

It is Mother's responsibility to see that we eat and sleep. In between her various delights and occupations, she devotes herself to this with her customary thoroughness. "This is a country trip," she will say, "we are going to eat and sleep in country places. One can't always be meeting a schedule, and missing the best by the way." So Mother often stops in homes for tourists. She has a settled technique

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for this: a room in the back of the house off the road, with two beds, and a clean bathroom. Sometimes, it takes several attempts to find this coveted spot, but she perseveres.

For our scattered meals, Mother makes a covert examination of the eating place; sometimes it is not adequate. Then she is likely to rise and walk out haughtily before ordering; while I, much humiliated, slink out afterward. When I reproach her, she says, "I like simple food, but it must be clean." As for being what Mother calls well cooked, that is fairly hopeless, except in very expensive restaurants. For instance, the best beef in the world is raised in the state of Iowa, and yet it is the worst cooked, in her opinion — "fried, or baked in water," she says, contemptuously, "instead of in its own juices."

"Oh yes," says Mother, "I have done many kinds of traveling. I've eaten at Antoine's and the Waldorf." Yet, with the prospect of mountain and stream ahead, she will buy some baked or boiled ham at the chain store, some rolls and a little butter and cheese and fruit — even lettuce, relying on that bubbling mountain stream.

On the care of our "equipage," Mother is more solicitous than the driver. Any little whisper wrong with it, inside or out, will break into any preoccupation, and suddenly I hear, "What was that?" Then we must stop and have "that" fixed. I must admit that this vehicle we drive — "Old Honorable," we call it — is not of this new half-century. But it was good once, and Mother keeps it in such repair that in time its parts may be entirely replaced, piece by piece, and it will never give out. Friends warn us not to attempt steep inclines or mountain hairpins; Old Honorable goes up all of them with never a wheeze. In fact, point by point, including easy riding, this old bus makes a record.

MOTHER is always at home in a good hotel. There is a comforting air of assurance about her, as travel-strained and weary, we approach the desk. She is not slow to give up what she calls "country places" if we are in any state of emergency.

There is one reason which I have for not fancying the prospect of "a good hotel." I yearn to follow the current casual fashions in motoring garb. But Mother always holds over my head, the emergency, or "the good hotel," or even one's own self-respect. So there is always a hat in the back seat, other shoes to substitute for the comfortable old driving shoes, and enough clean blouses. As for the various articles borrowed from masculine attire, (Mother's expression), alas, they are not for me on motor trips with Mother. At all times, we must pass muster, as "ladies traveling."

Certainly, motoring with Mother is an illuminating experience.

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The New Deal AN OLD RACKET

By John T. Flynn

THERE WERE, as all now admit — even its sponsors — several things wrong with that strange explosion of political and revolutionary energy known as the "New Deal." So far as I know, the term, borrowed from the gambling table, was used here as a label for that eruption of alphabetical agencies that crowded into our national life with the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933.

There were more than a score of NRA's and WPA's and AAA's and other hastily improvised engines of economic power armed with borrowed billions to plan, police, and generally manage our society. To call it Socialism or Communism or Facism would be to compliment it with the inference that there was some sort of order or logic at its core. Socialism and Communism, as we define them today, are comparatively new.

But the "New Deal" of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman, and its somewhat revised edition under General Eisenhower, cannot by any stretch of semantics be called new. It is, indeed, one of the oldest things in history. It does provide the Socialist and Communist revolutionaries with a magnificent weapon with which to wreck the system of private enterprise and free society, but at its core it consists in nothing more than the following three energies: (1) spending money by the government to create jobs and win votes; (2) raising large parts of the money by borrowing; and (3) a final resort to war as the ultimate boondoggle when the other two palliatives have failed.

It continues among us at present, with a new name provided by General Eisenhower's brain trusters. It is called "moderate progressivism." But it is, in essence, the misnamed New Deal of Messrs. Roosevelt and Truman.

However, before dealing with the subject of its age, it ought to be recalled that it did not produce recovery. When Mr. Roosevelt was elected for his third term in 1940, there were still 16,908,000 people on relief in over four million households. The great weapon forged to slay the Dragon of Depression was government spending. But in 1940, as the European war marched ahead, our national debt had been boosted from $22.5 billions to $49 billions. Yet there were still ten million unem-

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ployed as against 12 million when Mr. Roosevelt began producing rabbits out of his hat.

Then, for the politicians, as if by a merciful visitation from the clouds, came the attack on Pearl Harbor and our entry into World War II. Of course, I need produce no statistics to describe the fantastic extravagance of the boom that finally sprang up out of the war expenditures — millions of men in the armies, even more millions in the war industries, all paid for with $104 billions in taxes and $216 billions in war loans — a total of $320 billions. These few paragraphs are written as a preface to blueprint the essential outlines of that thing that was offered to the American people as something fresh and new in human society. Now let us see just how new the New Deal is.

I AM NOT prepared to say precisely when this sort of thing began. But here are the facts about a perfectly authentic "New Deal" in Athens 400 years before Christ. About that time, Athens — perhaps, with some limitations, the first instance of an authentic republic — was overtaken by a depression. Great numbers of workers were unemployed. They flocked into the Agora demanding aid. The farmers had clamored for help and had gotten it. Now the workmen wanted their share.

It is clear from Plutarch's account that Pericles, the political ruler of Athens, and others, understood the cause of the trouble. Plutarch describes the character of the workers who thronged into Athens clamoring for relief. They were, he tells us, brass workers, wood workers, carpenters, smiths, moulders, founders, stonecutters, goldsmiths, ivory workers, and painters. It was perfectly obvious that Athens was in a depression because of the collapse of the building industry and particularly the extensive shipbuilding industry at Piraeus, the port of Athens. In other words, the capital goods industry was in a slump.

Its effects spread to others — to farmers, who were the first to get attention in the form of grants-in-aid through the munificence of the great man, Pericles. This encouraged the idle workmen to demand attention and they were given a dole amounting to six cents a day.

Pericles tried to lessen the effects of the depression by settling the unemployed in distant colonies. He sent 500 to the Isle of Naxos, 250 to Andros, a thousand to Thrace, and others to various colonies of Attica. And Plutarch observes that he did this "to discharge the city of the idle" who were, by reason of their idleness, "a busy and meddlesome" crowd of people. Thousands were sent each year to man the galleys. All this brought down the scorn of the wealthy conservative, Thuycidides (not the historian), who estimated that some 20,000 citizens one way or another were on the government payroll — which

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was something of an exaggeration.

In the end, Pericles decided to deal with the depression by a huge program of public works. There in Athens we can behold that diminutive empire caught in the grip of those merciless economic laws which torment the far mightier empires of today.

Thus trapped in an economic crisis, he turned to the second remedy of a sick society — borrowing. However, like the brilliant, able and slick politician he was, he refused to recognize his action for what it was. As the dominant democratic ruler of Attica, Pericles had organized the Delian League — an alliance of small inland and island countries who shared with Athens the fear of Sparta and her confederate states. All the members of the Delian League were required, in proportion to their size and means, to make yearly contributions of gold to this fund. It had grown to some 9,000 talents (about $11,250,000) — an enormous accumulation in that early period. It was supposed to be kept intact in the temple on the Acropolis, guarded in the sacred treasury behind the image of Athena, against the day of war. Pericles decided to "borrow" these funds to set in motion a big building program.

Conservative leaders like Nicias protested against this act, saying the fund belonged to the League and was dedicated to a single purpose. Pericles, the arch politician, insisted that it was in the hands of Athens to be used as it saw fit. He prevailed, and these funds were used to erect that magnificent collection of buildings on the Acropolis, including the great pillared temple which still stands and remains the most beautiful architectural spectacle in the world.

This big WPA program, around 441 B.C., financed with borrowed money, produced a great effect on the economic condition of Athens. But, in the end, Pericles turned to the third and most destructive and evil of the elements of his Athenian New Deal — war. The war with Sparta and her allies lasted for many years and ended in the downfall and humiliation of Athens and provided the tragic climax of this earliest of New Deals. Depression, caused by collapse of the heavy industries; then government doles paid for with taxes; great building and military enterprises to create work paid for with borrowed funds — in this case, misused money — and finally, war. Thus ended the New Deal in Athens.

THERE REMAINS one other weapon of the modern New Deal which was not forged until the early part of the eighteenth century in the France of Louis XV.

John Law escaped from London to avoid prosecution for murder committed in a duel — dueling then being outlawed in England. He proceeded to operate on the pedestrian model of the professional gambler in various European cities, accumulating a fortune in the process.

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However, having a flair for government, he discovered a plan with extraordinary explosive power.

In Amsterdam, he saw in operation what I believe is the first instance of the modern bank. Amsterdam was at a crossroad of the numerous journeymen traders of Europe, who did business in all the numerous little countries and used all their innumerable currencies. The Bank of Amsterdam became a place of deposit for these multitudinous currencies. The trader turned over his sack of coins and received what was equivalent to a certificate of deposit in terms of a single currency.

In time, these traders got into the habit of borrowing money from the bank. But the bank did not lend them money. It loaned them a *deposit*. The borrower gave the bank a promissory note. The bank gave him what would be the equivalent of a certificate of deposit.

This is precisely what happens in an American bank today. A business man wants to borrow $10,000. The bank takes his note. But it does not give him $10,000. It *gives him a deposit*. It writes in his deposit book a statement that he has $10,000 deposited in the bank. By this simple process, the deposits of the bank are increased by $10,000 — though no additional money has actually been deposited.

That is why today, for instance, our American banks have "deposits" of $186 billions, but only $45 billions in cash. The depositor who makes the loan and gets the "deposit" can, of course, draw out money against it. There is nothing wrong or fraudulent about this. But it is dangerous if banks are not in the hands of wise officials and are not carefully supervised by the government.

THIS principle is what captivated the imagination of John Law. When Louis XIV died, Law hurried to Paris. The Minister of Finance was depressed by the state of the royal treasury and the general economic condition of France after the lavish extravagance of the late king. Law fired the minister's imagination with the prospect of an institution where money could be created by the mere act of borrowing. He pictured for him the gaudy prospect of wealth and power for France.

Law established his bank where the king could create floods of money by borrowing at the bank. The king took over the bank. Vast enterprises of public works were planned and carried out with these funds. The colonial empire of France was exploited. The famous Mississippi scheme was blown into a huge bubble. Stocks of new corporations flooded the market. The shares of the India Company inundated the offices of the brokers in the Rue Quincampoix. Someone said that for a brief and dizzy moment Law had actually taught ordinarily sensible men to prefer his paper *livres* to the traditional silver and gold.

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But the moment came when France was a raging sea of paper money becoming daily more valueless. The now frantic populace ran madly around trying to exchange Law's paper francs for old chairs, cutlery, carpets — anything rather than this money growing more worthless by the hour. The end was the crash of The System, as it was called, and France plunged into a vast national bankruptcy.

THIS IS what happened on a somewhat different scale in the United States in 1929. The banking system as organized in America is a perfectly sound and rational system. But it is susceptible of abuse. And the abuses multiplied from 1927 to 1929 when our banks began to turn all sorts of property values into bank money by means of bank loans. But these were private loans, many of them solid enough, but a huge mass of them were made by gamblers in American stocks. It was this abuse of the system which made for the great severity of the depression of 1929.

I have explained this system because this is what is now at the bottom of our so-called prosperity based on war. Our war prosperity was built on government borrowing at the banks secured by government bonds, the money being used to manufacture munitions of war. Thus vast streams of bank money, created by government borrowing, flowed like a wild rapids through the factories and foundries and mines and farms and business places of America. In 1930, before Mr. Roosevelt took office, our American banks held the securities of the United States Government and other concerns to the extent of about $18 billions. Today the amount is over $105 billions.

Here, then, we behold, in the twentieth century, the most powerful and richest nation in the world resorting to the same evil device to which the ancient Athenian, Pericles, turned 400 years before Christ: (1) government spending to produce jobs; (2) borrowing money for that purpose; and (3) finally the resort to war to create the mental and moral atmosphere within which a free people will tolerate the continued use of these fatal powers. And following these expedients, our "new dealers" turn to the example of the gambler, John Law, for the model of their borrowing.

There is nothing else to the New Deal of Roosevelt, Truman, or Eisenhower but these four fatal measures — three of them 2,350 years old and the fourth 250 years old — all of them used over and over in history. So far as I know, no one thought of labeling these dangerous and ancient expedients as "new." This is the oldest, most dangerous and most costly "deal" of history.

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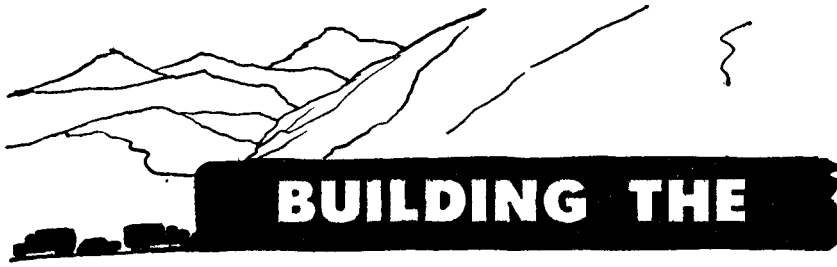

By Alice Spencer Cook

THIS YEAR, more than one million tourists, from every state in the Union, three United States possessions and twenty foreign countries, passing through Grand Lake, Colorado, paused to peer into the mouth of a huge 13-mile tunnel. This tunnel defies the laws of nature by carrying water destined for the Pacific Ocean directly through the Continental Divide to the Eastern slope at a point near Estes Park. It will, eventually, find its way to the Atlantic Ocean. Few realize the years of planning, the marvelous mechanical equipment and the engineering "know-how" which made possible this key feature of the Colorado-Big Thompson Project.

The first step was to determine, by means of a survey, the exact location and elevation of the east and west portals or openings of the tunnel. The "vertical control" or route of the tunnel was determined by carrying a line of precise levels over the top of the Divide. This was complicated by two things: (1) the tunnel had to have a slope of more than one hundred feet from west to east so that the water would flow through it; and (2) it had to follow the curvature of the earth, amounting to 104.7 feet in the length of the tunnel.

A seismograph, the instrument for recording earthquakes, was used to determine where surface rock ended and solid bedrock began. To verify the accuracy of this survey, test holes were drilled at various points.

Crews on eight-hour shifts began working round the clock from both ends of the tunnel. "Driving the tunnel" was a constant repetitious cycle of drilling, shooting, loading; drilling, shooting, loading. "Jumbo," a heavy car made to fit the narrow gauge track in the tunnel, carried the machines which drilled the holes into the rock that formed the face or "heading" of the tunnel. These holes were then loaded with dynamite. When ready to blast, the crew retired to a safe distance, touched off the charges by means of an electric detonating system and phoned the control man at the

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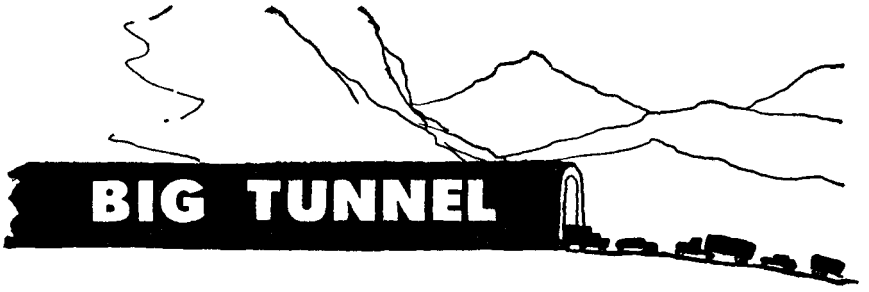

portal. The control man immediately started the blowers sucking the acrid smoke caused by the explosions from the working area. In twenty minutes the system was reversed to blow fresh air back in.

A "LOADER," similar to an ordinary mine car, with a shovel on the front, scooped up the loose rock and emptied it into a car behind. The fourteen to seventeen cars of rock resulting from the firing of one round could be hauled out in slightly over an hour. The complete cycle — drilling, shooting, loading — required three hours and advanced the tunnel about six feet. The men pushed through solid rock at an average of 1,000 feet per month.

Some of the granite encountered in the tunnel was susceptible to air slackening, which softened it to the point where it could not support the weight of the mountain above. To exclude the air and to keep it at its original hardness, the granite was sprayed with cement before it had time to slack.

Finally, wild excitement reigned among the workmen when, with a final blast, the two crews met more than three thousand feet below the surface of the Continental Divide. In the longest tunnel ever constructed from only two portals, the difference in alignment and grade could have been covered by a 25-cent piece.

Concrete lining had to be installed in sections to fill the space between the tunnel wall and a tubular opening 9.75 feet in diameter through which the water was to flow. The tumbling water roars down the Big Thompson, down an elevation of 2,974 feet and a distance of 22 miles to the plains below. There, by a series of covered conduits, tunnels, and lined canals, the water is led through four power plants to the storage reservoirs in the foothills below. From there it is directed to the streams that are used for irrigation of the plains.

The entire cost of the Big Thompson project, including the tunnel, was $150,000,000, a small price to pay for the privilege of stepping to the phone and ordering the equivalent of six-inch rain.

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More costly than diamonds, fire pearls are believed to be particles from the moon's surface.

THE WORLD'S *Most Fabulous Gem*

BY ALBERT ABARBANEL

NOBODY has ever accused Queen Elizabeth of England of being a believer in magic charms, but nonetheless the lovely monarch sometimes wears the world's foremost good luck piece around her neck.

The talisman which is set in a jewel-studded necklace, is an unpretentious, tar-black stone valued at five times the cost of diamonds. It's called an *Agni Mani*, or fire pearl, and if England is prosperous and happy under the young queen, there are those who will tell you it's because Elizabeth was lucky enough to get one of these little-known gems for a wedding present in 1947.

Many other famous people, like Winston Churchill and Lord Louis Mountbatten, are fascinated by the magic stone. Few Indian Maharajahs would be without their fire pearl rings, which, more often than not, are treasured heirlooms. An inherited *Agni Mani* is, for instance, among the fabulous state jewels of Morvi, and a small one is always worn in a ring by Maharajah Singhi. These revered gems are part of the collection of the deified Indian Rajput warrior, Prime Lord Krishna, who ruled 3,000 years ago.

For centuries it's been thought that anyone owning a fabulous *Agni Mani* was guaranteed success in every undertaking — from winning a war to having heirs. If this seems like sheer superstition, there are some owners of the precious stones who advise skeptics to look at the record!

Just after the war, for instance, the man who presented the Queen of England with her *Agni Mani*, Baron Richard Johan de Touche-Skadding, became firmly convinced of its magic qualities. This well-known explorer was near the scene of a terrific ship explosion in Bombay. He jumped in his car and headed towards the column of smoke in the harbor. As he raced along something flashed in his eye — a ray of light reflected from the dull fire pearl on his finger. This flash gave him a premonition of terrible danger. A moment later, after the explorer had whipped his car around

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and scurried in the opposite direction, a second blast rocked the air. The spot his car had been in was a mess of churning debris. Since then Baron von Skadding has spent much of his time in the study of the history — both social and scientific — of the fabulous gem.

SCIENTISTS are impressed with the *Agni Mani* too, though for different reasons. The stone, they say, has the distinction of coming from the moon! The technical term for the fire pearls is tektites. Scientists have now definitely established that they are lunar chips which have landed at various points on the earth. But Bedias, Texas, is the only spot in the United States where the moon chips are found, and the pickings are mighty slim.

Tektites come in three different colors — brown, green, and black — and in various shapes and sizes ranging from miniature dumbbells to egg-shaped stones three inches across that weigh a pound, as found in Indochina. Their shapes suggest that at one time they whirled through space in a molten form. But it was not until 1947 that anyone came up with a consistent theory of their origin.

Previously, people had speculated that the fire pearls were the gall stones of prehistoric animals, the result of early man's glass-making activities, atmospheric dust fused by lightning, or a formation made by a haystack burning over clay. But in 1947, Dr. Harvey Nininger, Director of the American Meteorite Association, advanced the explanation, now generally accepted, that tektites are bits of the moon's surface thrown off by the impact of crashing meteors.

Doctor Nininger says that unchecked by an atmosphere, meteors have been pounding away at the moon for centuries. When a meteor collides with the moon, it dislodges a spray of these chips which are almost always pulled back to the moon by its gravity. But once every hundred years or so a meteor hurls the particles with such violence that they pass the moon's escape velocity and fall under the influence of the earth. From there on it's only a matter of 18 to 20 hours before they arrive on Mother Earth.

The tektites come down in a shower over a limited area, always between the latitudes of 40 degrees South and 50 degrees North. They're found in certain sections of Indonesia, Czechoslovakia, Texas, Indochina, Australia, and the Philippines. Each deposit differs in shape. Unlike any stone found on earth and unlike any glass, tektites are of identical compound.

Scientists are not so inclined to scoff at the magical claims as might be supposed. The stones are radioactive, and some scientists think there's an outside chance that radioactivity can influence human behavior, accounting for many otherwise inexplicable fire-pearl legends.

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The Chinese Buddhists who visited India in the 5th century regarded the fire pearl as a magic gem with such great mystical powers that it should only be owned by kings and emperors. Superstitious Javanese and Chinese mining hands believe that the fire pearls are the seeds from which tin grows. Mystical believers in the efficacy of fire pearls say that their fortunate owners are endowed with these blessings:

Ability to foretell events
Accumulation of wealth, success in commercial undertakings
Preservation of ruling dynasties
Victory over enemies
Elimination of personal difficulties and survival of physical strength and mental faculties to a ripe old age
Healing properties and the prevention of illness

For some people, anyway, the magic gems seem to work and convince others of supernatural powers. Six days before he launched the invasion of Burma, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who knew about the good luck qualities of the gem, got a tektite for a present. He voiced to his headquarters personnel the hope that "there was something in the special qualities attributed to it." His campaign was so successful that the Japanese never regained the initiative in Southeast Asia. The fire pearl is now one of Lord Louis' most valued possessions.

In the East, such credence is given to the magic powers of the *Agni Mani* that no Asian ruler would consider himself safe without one. But Westerners are vitally interested in the stone, too. It is our first contact with the material the moon is made of, and a tiny stepping stone toward reaching the moon itself — a trip men hope to make in the next 20 years.

Tektites, scientists feel, will yield valuable information about the surface of the moon. Already, a company has been formed for the purpose of analyzing tektites to see what information about the moon can be uncovered. The company is called Moon Metals and Minerals, Inc., and it is headed by Baron Skadding. Along with scientists, the new company feels that the moon will be our greatest source of mineral wealth.

Chemical analysis of tektites reveals the presence of silica, iron, nickel, copper, gold, silver, and lead. These minerals are of vital importance for establishing an operational base on the moon. Through tektites, scientists know these minerals are there.

Magical or not, the mysterious little fire pearls are now helping science unlock the riddles of the universe. No doubt the first human explorers to the moon will have an *Agni Mani* with them for scientific purposes and for just plain good luck.

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Desperate HARVESTS

By Luke Neely

HAVING recently returned to this country after two years in Japan and Korea, I am seeing many features of the American scene with new eyes. What impresses me most is our sheer wealth of space — not merely the open land of the West, but the stretches of relatively unexploited land to be seen in even our most populous areas. While traveling around the country since my return, I have constantly marveled at the vast amount of ground given to such things as parks, playing fields, golf courses, and lawns, or simply lying idle.

Things are different in the Far East. In Japan, especially, an American is acutely aware of the congestion and lack of elbow room. For there, in a country with an area roughly that of California, live more than 80,000,000 people. Only 20 per cent of the land is arable, and that 20 per cent is probably the most intensively cultivated land in the world.

The main crop, of course, is rice. It is planted entirely by hand, in tiny fields in the river valleys and on terraces which climb the hillsides like giant staircases. So precious is the soil that many farmers whose property is crossed by power lines plan their rows so that poles will come *between* them and not reduce their crop by a single stalk.

In the cities of Japan, only the very wealthy have yards or gardens of any size. The average Japanese with a little ground beside his house is likely to plant vegetables. (An American friend with whom I was discussing Japanese baseball remarked that the most impressive thing about the growth of baseball in Japan was that it had taken place in the one country where there was virtually no such thing as a vacant lot.)

In Korea, this necessary aversion to waste ground is similarly evident. During the country's forty years under Japanese rule, the cultivation

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of rice was intensified so that part of the annual shortage in Japan could be made up. However, even in Korea the people have long been accustomed to "spring hunger" lasting from the time the previous year's rice stores are gone until early barley and vegetables have been harvested.

One of the incidental tragedies of the war in Korea is the great harm done to the complex irrigation systems which controlled the water levels in rice paddies. The extensive acreage needed for Army installations and air fields could be obtained only by draining rice fields. In South Korea, the ubiquitous bulldozers of the Eighth Army did tremendous (though mostly unavoidable) damage to the carefully articulated networks of dikes and ditches which represented the labor of centuries.

THE DESPERATION with which the Korean soil is worked was symbolized for me by a vegetable garden which was the project of an elderly couple in Seoul in the summer of 1952. Their home in the middle of the city had been flattened during one of the destructive battles that had ruined Seoul, and all that remained of it was the foundation stones and shattered roof tiles. Making the best of their loss, the old people had raked all the debris into a pile, neatly stacked the few intact tiles, and planted vegetables where their dwelling had stood — a tiny field of squash where the kitchen had been, patches of cabbage and cucumbers for the bedrooms, and, in the little courtyard, onions. The ground could not be wasted.

But for sheer ingenuity no one could beat Mr. Pak. One spring day in 1953, after my return to Korea as a correspondent, I looked from the window of an Army train crossing the Han River and saw that several of the huge cups which had been left along the sandy north bank of the river by air bombardment were lined with concentric circles of green. The next day I jeeped back to the river with an interpreter to satisfy my curiosity.

There we found Mr. Pak, a very old man, hoeing at the bottom of one of the craters. He had planted barley in the holes, neatly terracing it on the sides to form the circles I had seen from the train. He explained to us that he had tried planting on the level part of the river bank but had been defeated by the steady eroding breeze off the river. However, down in these huge holes the seed was safe from the wind. We inspected several of his craters and found them all ringed with thriving green barley.

I think the crews of the B-29's that dropped the bombs that made these holes would feel a lot better about their misses if they could have seen Mr. Pak's unique plantings.

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OUR *fifth* LARGEST BUSINESS

by Roy Ramsdell

WITHIN the last 25 years, welfare has grown from an esoteric, little-known occupation of spinsters and misfits to the fifth largest "business" in the country. The half-dozen or so government bureaus which, in 1930, were distributed inconspicuously among several departments, have been combined into a full-fledged department with cabinet status and the second largest share of the Federal budget.

The 1930 census, listing social work for the first time as a separate occupational classification, enumerated 31,241 of these strange creatures. In 1950, the Census Bureau counted some 93,000 people who claimed welfare in one or another of its phases as their occupation. Yet the census figures fall far short of giving a true picture of the "welfare business" since they enumerate only the "executive staff," and do not count the millions who derive their sole support, or a major part of it, from the funds distributed by social agencies.

Since the mid-thirties, the business of welfare has been dominated by two great "cartels," one government operated, the other privately operated. Together they control about 95 per cent of the welfare operations in the country.

The larger and more powerful of these "cartels" consists of a nation-wide system of public welfare units operating under the charter of the Social Security Act. In many counties, the welfare department ranks second only to the school department in the size of its budget and its influence on the active vote. Although there had been state welfare departments for many years before

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1930, their operations had been limited both as to volume and kind. They were operating independently of each other and were far from being a major influence, either in professional development or in national politics.

The depression and Mr. Roosevelt changed this picture overnight. Harry Hopkins was installed as Federal Emergency Relief Administrator. He proceeded to weld these independent state departments into a national system. With his indomitable drive for power, his keen political sense, his contempt for scientific social work and practically unlimited spending power, he prepared the blueprints, laid the foundations, and assembled much of the material for one of the most powerful political organizations in the free world.

In 1948, the Brookings Institution, at the request of the Hoover Commission, prepared a task force report on the activities of the national government in the field of welfare. This report contained (pp. 519–533) a penetrating analysis of the interplay of forces in the political, social, and economic life of the country which followed the adoption of the Social Security Act in 1935. It pointed out that this Act set up an unprecedented system of "open-end" grants-in-aid. Under this system the amount that any state may draw depends upon the number of cases to which it grants benefits. The report also pointed out that the Act does not define "need" or go into details regarding income, property ownership, responsibility of relatives, etc., or even determine the amount of the benefit except by limiting the amount of the national government's share in any individual grant. The result is summed up in the following words:

> Such a system results in wide variation among the states. . . . Precise explanation of the variations is impossible. Philosophy or public attitudes, wealth or poverty . . . cost of living, customary standards, the degree of urbanization and the nature of the economy . . . are *all* involved.

These factors are dwarfed in significance, however, by the tacit alliance between a growing army of untouchable Federal administrators and the ruling dynasties in the various states. Based on a common interest in maintaining and increasing the flow of national grants-in-aid so vital to the political, social, and economic power of both groups, this alliance constitutes the public welfare "cartel."

It is a social phenomenon to which George K. Zipf, in his *Human Behavior and the Principle of Least Effort*, has given the name, "bureaucratic elite." Zipf's research indicated that the development of such a bureaucracy represents a challenge to private enterprise which eventually must be resolved through the triumph of one or the other.

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Through the operations of this public welfare "cartel," the power of the bureaucratic elite is steadily increasing.

THE USES to which this power is put will naturally vary from state to state, depending upon the political purposes of the controlling groups. In California, where the pension philosophy is strong, the grants-in-aid will be used differently than in Virginia, where public welfare is dominated by what a former welfare official in the Truman Administration once characterized as the "Byrd's-eye view."

Except in a small area around Washington and in the isolated Southwest, the "Byrd's-eye view" is all-pervasive in Virginia. Besides dominating the state legislature and the executive branches of the state government, it scrutinizes the actions of every citizen through the agencies of the various county officials and boards and of nobody knows how many of one's neighbors. It appears necessary to the purposes of the regime to hold the economy at a low level, keeping wages down and a large part of the population poor. Public welfare administration is so thoroughly in line with this policy that Virginia stands very near the bottom of the list of states in terms of the per capita amount of public assistance disbursed.

"Buck-passing" is the technique by which the "cartel" is preserved. If a citizen appeals to his state authorities for some improvement in welfare administration, he is shown volumes of regulations issued by the Federal agency which, according to the state official, "tie his hands completely." If the appeal is taken to the Federal level, it is politely turned aside with the explanation that the administration of public assistance is entirely in the hands of the states.

Although certain conditions have been set up nationally as requirements for state participation in social security grants, they are easily circumvented. One such requirement, for example, is that the state shall have a merit system covering the selection and tenure of employed public welfare personnel. The requirement can be satisfied, however, by setting up a "merit system" on paper while giving the actual control of the system to the politicians.

Finding that "further evolutionary development or a basic reconsideration of fundamentals seems essential," the Brookings Institution report suggests two courses of action: (1) returning responsibility for public assistance to the states; or (2) blanketing all public assistance into the insurance system to be administered by the Federal government. Either reform would break the power of the public welfare "cartel" but it is doubtful whether any national administration would be able to carry them out. Neither the Federal office holders nor the state political dynasties can be ex-

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pected to give up their power and prestige without a struggle.

It seems obvious that unless the people act, this struggle for survival between government bureaucracy and private enterprise must end in some form of totalitarianism and the eventual eclipse of independent leadership in all phases of our culture.

The second great welfare "cartel," which was created and is maintained by these independent leadership groups, could be an instrumentality for such corrective action. Community Chests and Councils, Inc., the present-day successor to the Association of Community Chests which was organized just after the first World War, now includes thousands of privately supported agencies voluntarily associated in some 1,800 community federations and financed by the familiar Red Feather campaigns. During its early years, this movement developed on a thoroughly democratic basis. Top ranking leaders in each local community gave personal direction to the work.

But the expansion of the federation movement was too rapid. It ran into a dearth of leadership. Then came the depression and with it the New Deal crew of social and economic planners. The voluntary welfare agencies found their traditional justification swept away. Lacking the genius to re-define its function, the leadership of the federation movement quickly made a peace with the bureaucrats, accepting a permanent "second-fiddle" status in our welfare setup.

Without a clearly defined purpose based on a genuine socio-economic function, the movement became preoccupied with its own mechanics, selling displaced science as an impelling force. Technicians and engineers were crowded to the sidelines by the word-slingers. By the end of the second World War, the transformation was complete.

To serve the ends of freedom, the welfare federation movement needs to be replaced by a massive, hard-hitting program of adult education built on a solid foundation of social and psychological research. It might suffer some shrinkage in the process, but from a clarity and singleness of purpose, it would gain such power as it has not known since its earliest beginnings. With such a force at its disposal, free citizenship might have a fighting chance.

The prospects for such a transformation are very slim indeed. Government has no monopoly of the bureaucratic type of mentality; and the "cartel" which operates under the canopy of Community Chests and Councils, Inc., has shown a steadily increasing preoccupation with its own official status. Nor is there any other instrumentality in sight which might serve to implement the desire for freedom. Perhaps, indeed, the desire itself is dying. If so, it may be a long time dead.

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THE *Sins* OF OMISSION

By Spencer Miller, Jr.

"WE HAVE left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

These familiar words from the General Confession speak the universal language of human experience to every man of every faith. The lesson which they imply is timeless.

When we take a personal accounting of the stewardship of our time, talents, and treasure, who among us cannot recall some word unspoken, some kindness unperformed, or some opportunity unembraced in the past? Let him who is without any sins of omission cast the first stone!

Sir James Barrie, the British playwright, makes one of the characters in his play, *Dear Brutus*, describe this common human failing in this arresting sequence: "Three things they say come not back to men nor women: the spoken word, the past life, and the neglected opportunity." How many of us, on balance, would not prefer to be judged by our sins of commission rather than by our sins of omission?

It is precisely because of the disposition of all of us to neglect our opportunities, and "to leave undone those things that we ought to have done," that makes us penitents for Divine forgiveness. Our sins of omission make us all one with the whole human race. Here forever is the contrast between Perfect God and imperfect man!

Jesus made the sins of omission the focus of much of His teaching and the moral of many of His parables. For the sins of commission that stem from human appetite, there was repentance and forgiveness; but for the sins of omission, that stem from pride, prejudice, envy, and malice, there was agony of the soul before any true change. The sins which Jesus regarded as the worst were the latter — those connected with the spirit — gone wrong.

Because the Pharisees spoke and did not, they made a pretense of

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their religion. Jesus reproved them in the unforgettable words: "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cumin and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

THE SPECIAL mark of Jesus' popular teaching was the use of parables. There was originality, force, and compelling authority in all He said. His was a method that preserved truth and compelled men to think for themselves. Whereas words are constantly changing their meaning, the symbols of Life and Nature such as Jesus used are as abiding as Nature itself. Who can forget the Parables of the Sower, the Mustard Seed, the Pearl of Great Price, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Ten Virgins, the Talents, the Good Samaritan, or the Prodigal Son, to mention but a few? These all contain a universal and ageless wisdom. They present the essence of the Christian faith.

One of the most significant aspects about Jesus' teaching is that all the Parables of Judgment are about sins of omission. Take the account in St. Luke's Gospel of the rich man and Lazarus. "The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," while Lazarus, a beggar full of sores, lay at the rich man's gate, hoping to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his table. The dogs came and licked the sores of Lazarus but there was no word of compassion from the rich man for this beggar at the gate. He failed in the performance of any act of charity.

But when Lazarus died, he was taken up into Abraham's bosom; while the rich man, when he died, was buried. The intense drama of this story is revealed when the rich man, being in Hell, lifted up his eyes in torment and saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. "Father Abraham," he cried out, "have mercy on me and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in the flame." But Abraham replied, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest the good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented."

This Parable of Judgment for the rich man's omission ends with the plea to Abraham that one from the dead should go to his five brethren on earth and warn them lest they come into the place of torment. The judgment of this parable is even more clear — and final: "If they

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hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

The story of the Ten Virgins is still another Parable of Judgment. It is one of the most searching and solemn of all the parables. The setting is the picturesque ceremonial of an ancient wedding. The ten virgins went forth to meet the bridegroom and await his coming. The five that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

At midnight came the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh: go out to meet him!" Then all those arose, and trimmed their lamps, and the foolish said unto the wise: "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But the wise answered, saying: "Not so: lest there not be enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves." And while the foolish virgins went in search of oil, the bridegroom came, the doors were opened and the wise were bidden within to the marriage feast and the door was shut. When the foolish returned, they called out: "Lord, Lord, open to us." But he answered and said: "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

The finality of the decision, then, of all the Parables of Judgment will be evident as we re-read and ponder these familiar stories. Sin, we are reminded, arises "when spirit gets things in the wrong proportion." And so indeed it is. When we are "blind" because of prejudice or consumed with envy or malice, we are insensitive to the needs of others. That is the reason for the emphasis on the sins of omission in these parables. When the spirit goes wrong, it is sin; when it goes right, it is life indeed. When we forget the priority of spiritual values in all our strivings, we tend to leave undone those things that we ought to have done.

WHO at some time in his life has not cried out with St. Paul: "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil I would not, that I do"? Or who has not reflected on his past deeds or wondered what one might have been?

Thomas S. Jones, Jr., the gifted poet, has poignantly expressed this reflective mood in his well-known lyric, "Sometimes."

> Across the fields of yesterday
> He sometimes comes to me,
> A little lad just back from play —
> The lad I used to be.
>
> And yet he smiles so wistfully
> Once he has crept within,
> I wonder if he hopes to see
> The man I might have been.

But if our sins of omission make us one with all men, our faith in God enables us to repent and mend our ways. God has not given us the spirit of fear — but of hope. The good news which Jesus proclaimed was of forgiveness and of salvation.

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C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON

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In the Mercury's Opinion BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

ON JANUARY 7, 1953, sixty-three United States Senators joined their colleague, Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio, in introducing a proposed Constitutional amendment which would prevent treaties similar to the United Nations Charter from overriding the laws of this country and to prevent any President from by-passing the Congress by carrying out executive agreements with other nations which would have the effect of treaties cancelling out United States laws which conflicted with them.

What has happened to the Bricker Amendment?

Prior to his becoming Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles supported it wholeheartedly. When the Eisenhower Administration took over, both Mr. Dulles and the President were influenced to change their minds and announced they were against it. By so doing, they defeated it in the 83rd Congress.

The reasons for this action seem to be principally based on the premise that General Eisenhower is an honest man, and under no circumstances would he do the things the amendment seeks to prevent. So it was agreed that there was no necessity for this vital amendment being passed by Congress.

The nation assumes that our President is honest, and they also have to assume that he is not the permanent President of these United States.

What about his successors? Senator Bricker himself has explained the entire situation in these words:

"This resolution would protect the doctrine of inherent rights against erosion by treaties and other international agreements. The preservation of our inalienable rights would not depend merely on the beneficence of the President and the Senate.

"The American people would be the exclusive repository of their inherent rights, and even they would be incapable of surrendering their rights except by further amending the Constitution."

Very likely, nothing will be done on this resolution unless the people of the United States themselves do it. It is their future at stake. It is their decision to make. We strongly urge that they do something about it and advise their Congressional representatives how they feel.

Unless favorable action is taken on the Bricker Amendment, the people of the United States continue the danger of losing their priceless independence to the dangerous United Nations or to some other global organization which undoubtedly will be dreamed up by some impractical or sinister group.

We urge you to be a Paul Revere. Push through Congress approval of this honest safeguard. You owe it to yourself and the generation to follow.

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Do It WHOSE Self?

By Lawrence A. Keating

ALL OVER America, people are having fun hammering together their own ranch houses, building boats in their garages, and repairing old furniture and turning out new in basement workshops. Schools burn midnight oil for courses in woodcarving and upholstering for beginners. Enroll in "home maintenance," Mr. Ramspeck, Wednesday, 7 P.M., and you're on your way to becoming your own plumber, painter, carpenter, electrician, and mason — probably tuck-pointer too.

The results of this amateur artisanship are on view in every home and reported *ad nauseam* on suburban trains. "The neighborhood handyman is extinct," your friends argue, "and do you realize what labor costs?" Aided by womankind's conviction that mankind can fix anything around the house if you keep after 'em long enough, there's a frenzy to do-it-yourself.

Do-it-yourself, alas, spotlights my weakness. As I told my wife with a hollow little laugh, "Do *what* myself, eh?"

For I'm a fellow who can't build or repair anything. When I reset the wires on the toaster, then plug in, the fuse blows. Urged to improve our Christmas tree's shape last year, I scissored right through my new string of lights. I've never hung a picture neatly first nail — in fact we have to keep our pictures in those positions because I wrecked the wallpaper behind them.

Precisely why I'm not handy around the house baffles my friends, who eye me curiously, then go on discussing how to bevel edges. And it frequently annoys my helpmate, whom you'd expect to be resigned by this time.

Before we were married, Edith confided in the moonlight, "Darling, you are one in a million."

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In today's daylight, it's painfully obvious that she was correct. I'm the one who can't nail up drape brackets evenly, or put a new filter in the oil burner and get it back together so it runs. I've never sawed a board along a pencilled line or hung a screen without poking an elbow through it, or painted the living room ceiling so you can't tell where I stopped Friday night and resumed Saturday morning.

THE HIGH PRICE of labor or no, it's cheaper at our house to summon a carpenter than to summon me from the evening paper. It's not only cheaper financially, but domestic-blissfully too.

Every spring in my youth, Father named me a committee of one to cultivate a vegetable garden in our south 40 feet. Obediently I forked, raked, and dropped seeds and stuck a couple of dozen tomato plants into the good earth. During the following weeks, though my heart belonged to baseball, I watered and weeded under Mother's vigilant eye — but if the stuff ever grew, it must have been downward.

Taking down screens and putting up storm windows fell to my lot also. One autumn day, I perched atop the stepladder, embracing a heavy storm sash for the middle living room window. A gust of wind hurled me and the sash to almost certain destruction on the cement driveway below.

The crash brought my family pell-mell out front and rear doors. Picture their anxiety: Had Larry killed himself?

My brother, Tom, spoke for all when he demanded, "You butterfingers — can't you even hang up a simple storm window?"

Frankly, it's folly even to hand me a chisel. Take the towel rack episode that cost Mother so much tight-lipped self-control. Asked to mount a six-arm nickeled rack, I chipped holes in the kitchen wall, stuck the bolts through and tightened the nuts. Thing looked a great success — until Mother hung a few towels on it. We had to call in the plasterers and painters and Mother bought a standing rack for her towels. For several days, she kept muttering something about the hospital switching babies.

When we have dinner guests and conversation dwindles, Edith brings it back alive by recounting the one about me and the gardener. On a May morning while I sunned myself on the back porch steps, the chap who was getting our lawn in shape came and asked me for a drink of water.

"Right away," I told him. "I'll run down to the basement and turn on that faucet at the side of the house. You'll need it on for the hose anyway."

When I got down there, I was momentarily perplexed by the maze of pipes along the ceiling. However, I soon noticed one that ran to the side faucet. The turn-on valve was

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corroded so I tapped it gently with my wrench for loosening purposes. Then I tapped it a mite harder.

"How about that drink?" the gardener called in the window.

Annoyed, I struck the valve a smart blow. A pencil of water came out of somewhere and, when I removed my face, stretched six feet across the basement. Quickly I applied my wrench for a vigorous turn to shut everything off. But another leak started and the two fattened into one. Then the pipe burst.

When the plumber arrived, we had four inches of water. All sorts of things were calmly afloat and you could hear that old meter ticking in glee. The plumber charged $19.35 but, at last, a damp peace descended. Eight pounds thinner from excitement, I tottered out to the back porch steps to recover. The gardener came holding his cup. "Mister, how about that drink?"

"In the kitchen, man!" I growled. "Help yourself."

THE TIME Edith went to visit her mother I figured to surprise her by varnishing our study. I moved out the furniture, scraped the floor, scrubbed it and waited 24 hours, then varnished. It was a nice-appearing job.

When Edith came home, I showed her. "Why, Larry," she said, "it looks wonderful."

"Only thing," I admitted, "the varnish won't dry."

She leaned to touch the floor, then lifted her finger to her nose. She groped around for the nearest chair. "My stars, you used *maple syrup!*"

The car, of course, gives rise to frequent debacles. Edith and I got caught in a sleet storm last October and our defroster wouldn't work. I told her, "There's a candle in our picnic kit. Light it and hold it close to the windshield." The candle made a first-rate defroster, until the windshield cracked.

Our front door chimes used to run on a battery, but the time I wired them onto the house circuit all the lights in our block went off. That was two years ago and the man from the electric company is still puzzled. He told me again last week, "You know, I've never understood how that could happen. In fact," he added doggedly, "it couldn't."

Our plumber is stubborn too. He said nobody could get one of those coiled things called a plumber's snake stuck fast in a pipe. But I notice he had to tear out our bathroom washstand and go into the wall to free it.

There are plenty more unhandy items in my past, like the night in the front bedroom when —

What's that you say? You are unhandy too? Can't fix things?

Friend, doesn't it stand to reason there must be others of our type, keeping furtively silent in this age of do-it-yourself?

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THE $130,000,000 SPOILS OF WAR

BY KARL HESS

FOR most Americans, the idea of war loot is totally foreign. Theft at bayonet-point just isn't the way this country has fought its wars — at least that's what we say. What we are doing is a slightly different matter. It is slightly different to the tune of many millions of dollars, to be precise.

Politely, the process is called "vestment" of "alien property." Practically, it means that property alleged to belong to, or be controlled by, enemy aliens during the second World War was, as a matter of course, taken over by this government during that war. Only thing wrong is that it's never all been given back!

Instead, the vast treasure trove of Japanese and German business property taken over during the war has become a fabulous financial football. The scope of the amounts involved

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may be inferred from the fact that one company alone is worth about $130,000,000, and the value of all the German property taken over has *risen* some $150,000,000 in postwar years. Its value to begin with is indeterminate at this point, but anything that can be worth $150,000,000 more today than it was less than a decade ago, must be rather dear. Japanese property taken over has been valued at about $87,000,000.

Here are some of the specific companies taken over and indication of how their value has increased since confiscation. The names and figures were presented last year before a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

The North American Rayon Co. was worth about eight million dollars when this country took it over from its "enemy" owners. Now the company is listed at better than twelve million. A portfolio of "blue chip" securities of the Henkel soap company of Dusseldorf was worth about $4,000,000 when taken over by the Alien Property Office. Today those securities are worth $12,000,000. Buffalo Electro-Chemical Co. was taken over at less than a million and now is worth nearly five million. Even the relatively small operations of the E. Leitz Co. in this country have gone from a value at confiscation of $175,000 to a present value of more than $700,000. From those examples, it is easy to see that this appropriated property is no minor spoil of war — it is a king's treasure.

Of all the companies "vested," however, one looms largest by multi-millions of dollars. This is the vast $130,000,000 structure of the General Aniline & Film Corp., once associated with I. G. Farben, one of the most monumental industrial complexes ever assembled.

For some years past, General Aniline & Film has existed as a separate, independently imposing entity in this country. It is fairly safe to say that everyone reading this has used or been affected by GAF products.

Ansco photographic equipment and supplies is one part of GAF. It produces some 780 separate film items, 340 photo chemical products, 119 camera items, and 1,300 paper products for photography. Then there is Ozalid, a major producer of reproduction machines and sensitized papers. One of its plants alone has 1,000 employees. In the chemical field proper, GAF operates a manufacturing unit that makes a thousand dies, synthetic fibers, rocket fuels, plastics, resins, adhesives, cosmetics, soil modifiers, lubricant additives, a plasma expander, and hydraulic fluids.

Something that big, of course, can make big money. It does. But where has the money been going since the government took it over? (And in answering that, we'll forget for the moment the amazing fact that the "enemy" ownership of GAF is in serious doubt — a subject we'll look at later.)

Most of GAF's money made since

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being taken over has gone into an unusual sort of semi-punitive, semi-restitutive program which permits profits from confiscated property to be used to pay war claims against our former enemies. Some $200,000,000 has been taken from confiscated property in this manner so far.

The government also can sell the properties outright and use the return to pay off war claims. This part of the program, it has been reported, was based largely upon the recommendations of Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie during the time when turning Germany into a reformed agrarian pastureland was an important objective of the pro-Soviet line. Today, of course, it is more true than ever that what hurts Germany and Japan hurts this country as well — and helps the Soviet.

Sale of confiscated property also can be used to another end — a purely profitable one. Because of the clouded ownership of confiscated property, prices at public sale might be far below real values. Later, however, speculators might be able to sell the property for a handsome profit — either to a forgetful public or after some sort of judicial confirmation of the sale. A pattern has, in fact, been set along those lines. The stock of one German company, the Schering Co. of New Jersey, was sold by the Attorney General. A group of Wall Streeters were anxious enough to acquire the stock to pay a handsome price — but then, in a resale to the public, the price was jacked even higher for a spectacular and quick profit. Under GAF's clouded situation of the moment, its initial sale to the public, if ordered, might be for as little as half its $130,000,000 value.

Some of GAF's money has been spent, however, in another fascinating manner. It has paid some of the highest salaries in this or any other government.

Louis Johnson, later President Truman's Secretary of Defense, was an early example of the executives who have been richly rewarded for being the government's overseers of GAF. Johnson got $50,000 a year as president of GAF and another $50,000 as president of General Dyestuff Corp. When Johnson finally stepped down, to make way for another apparently deserving political friend of the administration, his income from the confiscated property was not rudely cut off. The directors of General Dyestuff, when Johnson got out in 1947, were Democratic appointees too. They voted friend Louis an $18,000-a-year legal retainer. Then the GAF board came through with $36,000 more for Louis' law firm, Steptoe & Johnson.

Because of the confiscation, remember, that was all government money.

After Johnson, the two jobs — president of GAF and president of Dyestuff Corp. — were lumped together and a salary of $97,000-a-year set for them. That made the job the

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second richest financial plum in government, a very close runner-up, in fact, to the Presidential salary of $100,000. Moreover, like the top job, the confiscation salary reads "and expenses." An idea of just how large this salary is in government may be had by considering the *vice*-presidential salary: $30,000.

First man to step into the combined job slot was no stranger to the Democratic Party. His name was Jack Frye. He was a personal friend of the then Attorney General, Tom Clark, and had just resigned as president of Trans World Airlines. Up until this year, when he announced he would resign, Frye held on to this juiciest of government jobs. Some feel his resignation, set for this summer, may be a tip-off to the eventual public sale of GAF and the end of hopes to return it to its owners.

But what about the ownership? Is GAF actually "enemy tainted" as the Department of Justice has claimed? And what, in fact, does "enemy tainted" mean?

The key phrase, "enemy tainted," has been used, for instance, in cases where American citizens or nationals of neutral nations have claimed rightful ownership of confiscated property. So far, the Department of Justice has managed to have the claims rejected by showing "enemy taint." It has covered a broad area. It covers the GAF case in which, despite claims that the corporation was owned by nationals of friendly or neutral nations, the Justice Department has taken GAF's old German associations to be a clear "enemy taint."

There is, however, an amazing footnote to the legal history of our times that seems to knock those governmental claims into a cocked hat. It is a rock-solid definition of "enemy taint" which shatters government claims to the GAF giant.

This footnote, a literal, not figurative footnote, appeared in the galley proofs of a Supreme Court decision released to attorneys in 1952. It concerned a confiscation case. The decision was written by Justice Minton and, on page seven of the galley proofs, there was this footnote:

> * We note that Congress has provided a similar test of enemy ownership or control where the claim is for a discretionary administrative return of vested property. The President's power to return such property is conditioned upon his finding that the owner who has filed a claim is *not* a "foreign corporation or association which at any time after December 7, 1941, was controlled, or 50 per centum or more of the stock of which was owned by, (a citizen or subject of a nation with which the United States has at any time since December 7, 1941, been at war, and who on or after December 7, 1941, and prior to the date of the enactment of this section, March 8, 1946, was present in the territory of such nation)." . . . The courts should not go further than Congress.

There it was, all spelled out. To be

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enemy tainted, it had to be owned by enemies. Simple. When the decision appeared in final printed form, however, the footnote had vanished. Attorneys are still trying to find out why. But, regardless, the footnote gave a definition which seemed to make good, common sense.

Perhaps embarrassingly for those in government who seem determined to hold all the confiscated property they can — or sell it, rather than return it — GAF just doesn't fit that judicial definition of enemy tainted.

When war broke out, GAF was owned almost completely by a holding company named Interhandel. The company was listed as Swiss. Its headquarters were in Switzerland. Some 80% of its assets was stock in GAF. That, in turn, represented approximately 90% of GAF's stock. The Alien Property people took over that 90% of GAF, however, claiming that Interhandel was merely a cloak for I. G. Farben interests.

The Swiss reaction was clear-cut. That country's Compensations Office, set up in the 1930's to supervise financial clearings between that nation and others, flatly denied the Alien Property Office's claim. Time after time, Washington recognized the Swiss Compensation Office as a competent voice in such matters. Time after time it was reaffirmed that Interhandel, GAF's owner, was Swiss and not German. One review showed definitely that 83% of Interhandel's stock was owned by Swiss citizens and other neutrals and allies and was under no enemy influence whatsoever. Even if all of the so-far indeterminate 17% of Interhandel stock was found to be German owned, and disposed of as enemy tainted, that would be a far cry from the sales of Interhandel's entire 90% of GAF as threatened now under the confiscation.

The Department of Justice, on the other hand, has gone far afield to prove an enemy taint against Interhandel. They claim that I. G. Farben officials have been Interhandel officials. That was true — until 1939, when the last Farben official went off the Interhandel board. The Department of Justice also claims that a Swiss bank with which Interhandel has dealt, and which owns 10% of Interhandel's stock, also has dealt with German firms. This is true, but in a neutral nation is rather normal. Swiss banks also dealt with Americans during the war.

BEYOND this matter of ownership, of course, there is the broad area of simple justice, regardless of *who* owns the firm. For one thing, by hanging on to GAF because it is "enemy tainted," a constantly implied injustice is presented to the German people. And these people, today, turn out to be the key to our own security in Europe. It hardly seems the way to treat friends.

During the 1953 national convention of the American Legion, a resolution was passed urging the re-

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turn of confiscated property. The following year, during Congressional hearings on the matter, a Legion spokesman elaborated. Moves to withhold the confiscated property, he said, were "due to action started, inspired, and actually carried out by alleged Soviet agents operating within our own Treasury Department during World War II." More than that, it was made clear, the holding of property after the war was contrary to the Legion's and, it thought, the nation's traditions of fair play.

At the next national convention, however, the Legion rather quietly seemed to reverse its stand. Tucked into a 14-page report of the foreign relations committee of the Legion, there was a reference to supporting the confiscation of property in order to pay war claims. The man who slid the reference into the report: the attorney in charge of litigation for the Office of Alien Property!

THAT is not, however, the only time a person interested in confiscated property has happened to be in the right place at the right time. For instance, it has been observed during recent attempts to return GAF to the people who own it, four persons vitally concerned with the confiscation of the property, all are listed as residents of the same small town in New Jersey — Montclair. The four are Winston Paul, New York businessman and board chairman of GAF; Elmer Bopst, head of Richard Hudnut and a director of GAF; Harry Derby, former president of American Cyanamid and now owner of 25,000 shares of GAF stock which, under the Alien Property setup, were not owned by Interhandel and are okay for public ownership. Those shares today are worth about $2,000,000.

That's only three men. The fourth? He's Colonel Dallas Townsend. His entry on the GAF scene has meant that the situation has become at least strictly bi-partisan. He was named Assistant Attorney General in charge of alien property under the Republican Attorney General Herbert Brownell. And he has argued for government control of the confiscated properties just as skillfully as did his Democrat predecessors. Besides his official position, Townsend has another connection, even if sentimental, with GAF specifically. His former law partner is a board member.

The wheels of industry, even confiscated industry, it seems, *do* go round in circles.

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The Red Rose Town

BY LILIAN YOUNG

Nestled in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the northern part of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, lies the picturesque town of Manheim. Fulfillment of a great man's dream, the town is endowed with a heritage of religion, romance, and industry.

The founder of Manheim, Henry William Stiegal, has always been known as "Baron Stiegal." His stately manner, coupled with the magnificent pageantry of his life, make the title a fitting, if not a legal, one.

Born in Cologne, Germany, in 1729, Stiegal emigrated to America at the age of 21. Filled with dreams and fired by ambition, his rise to fame and fortune was spectacular. A man of great contrasts, he was undeniably eccentric. Visionary and dreamer though he was, he nevertheless operated a glass factory and iron works most profitably.

From his vast holdings of land, Stiegal chose 720 acres for the site of a town and named it Manheim. A lover of pomp and ceremony, he had a tower, equipped with a mounted cannon, built on top of his palatial home in Manheim. Then,

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when he was expected home, a servant would keep watch and, at first sight of the magnificent carriage and escort, fired the cannon to signal the townspeople of his arrival. He would enter the town to the sound of music and cheers as the happy throngs waited in the streets to welcome him home again.

Baron Stiegal was a devout Lutheran and on December 4, 1772, deeded a lot of ground on which to erect a church to the congregation of his faith. This deed contains the clause that has made Stiegal and the town famous. It reads:

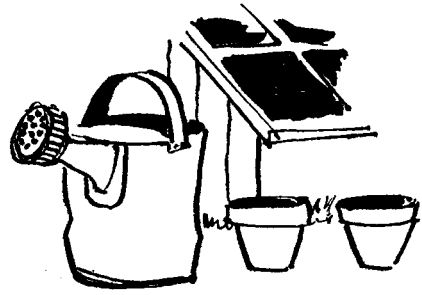
> Yielding and paying therefor unto the said Henry William Stiegal, his Heirs or Assigns at the said Town of Manheim in the month of June yearly hereafter, the Rent of One Red Rose if the same shall be lawfully demanded.

Baron Stiegal always loved beauty with a passionate, worshipful fervor. He had chosen the month of June with its perfect days and the red rose emblem of love and beauty to commemorate his gift to the town — but he received the rental only twice in person.

In common with many great men, he was marked for tragedy. His blissful happiness at the birth of a daughter was shattered a few days later by the sudden death of his lovely, young wife. The next few years brought only disaster to the stricken, broken-hearted man. Finally in 1775, Stiegal left Manheim, bankrupt and hopeless. He died ten years later at the age of 56. The town he had loved so deeply watched passively, as the Baron's name slowly faded from people's minds.

Many years later the ancient deed, with its rose rental clause, was found, and the town, thus reminded of its long-in-arrears rental, inaugurated in 1892, the present beautiful "Festival of the Red Rose." Once a year, at the height of the Festival, one perfect red rose is presented to a descendant of the old Baron, in front of the altar in the Lutheran church.

I think Baron Stiegal would be well pleased with the simplicity and charm of this symbolic service.



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★ BY JOHN MORAN ★

Are Citizens Failing Their Public SCHOOLS?

"YOUR COMMUNITY can have the kind of public schools it wants!" So declared the speaker as he reminded his audience of parents and businessmen that, here in the United States, public institutions belong to the people. But what he neglected to say is that this is a paper truth only — unless the people will it otherwise.

At the annual public hearing on our school budget last spring, the attendance was a scant 100, about half of them school persons. The event was fully publicized via press and radio and the estimates up for approval were of direct concern to every taxpayer, every parent. Yet the attendance of 100, out of a total population of more than 90,000, is deemed high by my colleagues in some other and larger school systems. They want to know how we get even this many!

People complain to us about the cost of public education. Yet, beyond complaining, few are willing to *do* anything about it. It helps no one, neither the school children nor the taxpayers, for citizens to voice demands that costs be "cut!" and then to withdraw from any responsibility for proposing where the cuts should be made, what services they want curtailed or discontinued.

Last June, we sought authorization through a public referendum to build a new high school — to meet a need which had been growing for 20 years. But despite one of the most intensive informational campaigns our community has ever known, almost two-thirds of the eligible voters stayed home. They cared, perhaps, these citizens who didn't vote, but not strongly enough so that it made any difference.

JOHN MORAN *is public relations director for the public schools in Schenectady, New York.*

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"Perhaps this is a good sign," you may say. "Perhaps it indicates that your community is satisfied with what you are doing — that there is simply nothing to be said."

Well, there are strong indications that it is otherwise. Citizens, among themselves, raise a great many questions about the schools. Perhaps influenced in part by the current wave of criticism directed nationwide against the schools, they frequently prejudge us. Very few seem interested in getting at the truth.

A BUSINESS leader said to me recently, "John, I know you work there and all that, but frankly, the schools are doing a rotten job in spelling." I asked him how come. His answer was that a girl he had hired a few days before "couldn't spell worth a damn!" Because of this one experience he was apparently willing to condemn the entire school system. In our brief conversation it developed that he hadn't been inside a school, except to vote in a general election, since he received his own high school diploma some 25 years before.

A letter-to-the-editor last school year blasted "progressive education," contended that that's what we have here, and described it as the teaching system which permits a child to stand on his desk and "shout at the top of his lungs."

This statement was so very far off base that another "anti-progressive" wrote in to take issue with it.

Ignorance of the schools is astounding. Perhaps the fault lies partly with us, yet in our efforts to keep the citizens of our community abreast of school developments and objectives we have produced some 50 television programs in the last two years — plus a 35-minute movie which we have shown before more than 5,000 persons; we have sent staff personnel before numerous civic groups to speak on school matters; we have published and distributed, without charge, approximately 100,000 leaflets and brochures on various aspects of school program and finance, and have cooperated fully with the local newspapers — one of which publishes a weekly "school page."

In addition, we join with the Chamber of Commerce in arranging annual visits of businessmen to the schools and of teachers to business places. We actively encourage citizens to attend board meetings and to visit the schools. Each year at budget preparation time, we arrange a special series of meetings so that the board and interested citizens may study the estimates together while they are still in preliminary form. At the last such series, so few attended that we were very nearly in the position of talking to ourselves.

Two years ago we published, on a somewhat regular basis, a four-page booklet touching upon current trends and problems in the local system. On the back page we at-

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tempted to develop a feature which we entitled, "I'd Like to Know." Its purpose was to provide a kind of forum in which townspeople with questions about the schools might get answers directly from those responsible. After three issues had passed without a single unsolicited inquiry, the feature was discontinued. Yet the questions continue to be asked across the bridge table, over the backyard fence, at the neighborhood store, and on the street corner.

SEATED near me on the bus a few days ago were two workingmen agreeing with each other that the board of education was "milking us dry." Yet our school tax rate of $17.14 (for each $1,000 of assessed valuation) is one of the lowest in the entire area. Incidentally, I had never seen either of the men at any board meeting or public hearing.

I can say from first-hand knowledge that extremely few of the detractors bother to visit the schools, or attempt in any other manner to determine the truth of their charges before making them public. There have been some notable exceptions to this. But they are not sufficient, I feel, to alter my premise that from the rank and file of citizens there is a failure to provide any kind of constructive leadership. For some time, the few persons who closely watch municipal expenditures had complained that our printed budget was too brief, too generalized. The point these citizens made was well taken. Many areas of expenditure were indicated only by a notation such as "other expenses. . . ." Unless he wanted to confer with school officials at some length about it, the layman could go through the budget knowing very little more than when he picked it up.

We tried to correct this by the annual publication of a printed budget listing in full detail every estimated expenditure in all areas of school operation — including a listing of every full-time salary. The resultant publication numbered some 300 pages. It was printed at minimum expense and distributed to all who might be interested — through the public library and other sources. But although the book elicited some favorable response, the dominant reaction made us feel that perhaps we should have stayed with the smaller one.

All this must not, however, minimize what constructive criticism there is, and I suspect we are at least as well endowed in this respect as many other communities. Numerous citizen groups have served in an advisory capacity to the board on matters of finance, personnel, and school program. Their findings and recommendations have proved most helpful. But such efforts are in sharp contrast to the mass inertia, the mass apathy of the community at large.

The techniques of education, of course, require special skills, special training. The only real leadership that can be expected in educa-

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tional *techniques* is from the educators themselves. The "how" of teaching, within reasonable limits, is all theirs, as it must be.

But what about leadership in such matters as *what* the schools shall teach — the whole field of elementary and secondary curricula, adult education, "nursery" education and the like? What about financial support? New school construction? These are among the many problem areas which rightfully are the responsibility of the people themselves. Indeed, a public referendum is required under New York State law before boards of education can proceed in certain matters of school financing. Leadership, or at least an active interest, must be expected of citizens in such matters as these if the schools are to remain — or perhaps again to become — an expression of the collective will.

Lack of constructive interest in the schools, frequently a lack of any expressed interest at all, is deadening. Moreover, it is particularly unfortunate at this time when public school administrators and boards of education are becoming more "public relations minded" than at any previous time in our history.

I deeply fear that unless the mass of citizens are somehow shaken out of their lethargy, unless they are willing to do more than just complain when they do not like what they see — or think they see — that leadership in all matters of public education may pass ultimately to the professional educators.

Don't mistake me. I have worked closely with public school administrators for the past eight years and have found them as fine a professional group as I have ever known. My point is simply that if operation of the public schools is to continue to fit into the traditional American pattern of public service — with the basic leadership and direction coming from the citizens — the people must wake up.

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS

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THE BRICKER AMENDMENT BATTLE IS ON!

By LUCILLE CARDIN CRAIN

AMERICANS are the best-informed people in the world about things that concern them; yet more Americans know less about the Bricker Amendment, again introduced in the Senate Joint Resolution No. 1 on January 6, than any other important issue of our times.

This is no accident. The master semanticists — the word-mongers and idea-manglers of the Left — have planned it this way. They are carrying out Lenin's dictum on basic political issues, to "confuse the vocabulary," and therefore the issue.

Yet the issue is quite clear. A Protestant clergyman who had studied the matter stated it succinctly when he said: "The future of every single person in the world — including *you* — has been planned by 18 people." These are the members of the United Nations Human Rights Commission, the 18 universal, all-purpose planners, who developed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The Declaration would be made legally enforceable by the UN draft covenants on human rights. The UN Human Rights Commission had four avowed Communists in its membership — the delegates from Byelorussia SSR, the Ukrainian SSR, the Soviet Union itself, and Yugoslavia. The commission's chairman was Eleanor Roosevelt.

What, you ask, could these and other treaties proposed by the United Nations do to us if they were approved by the Senate?

This is what they could do:

You might no longer be allowed to own your own home.

You could be forcibly enlisted as a medical guinea pig.

You could be compelled, if engaged in a legal controversy, to appear in a foreign court, where there might be no jury, where there might be a secret trial — and without any right of appeal, your fate would be decided

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by a foreign tribunal, having at best only one American judge.

You could be restricted in your right to worship God.

THESE are only a few of the threats embodied in the United Nations Covenants on Human Rights. There is still time to protect ourselves, however, for the covenants still have not been submitted to the Senate.

But even if the United States were no longer a member of the United Nations, the UN has advanced the fantastic notion that we would still be subject to its power, because Article 2, Paragraph 6, of the UN Charter provides:

> The organization shall ensure that states which are not members of the United Nations act in accordance with these principles so far as may be necessary for the maintenance of international peace and security.

This is confirmed by A. H. Feller, former general counsel of the UN, in his book, *United Nations and World Community:*

> Thus, the members of the United Nations have undertaken an obligation to require non-members to abide by certain principles to which these non-members have not specifically subscribed. In the light of orthodox rules of international law, this was an unprecedented and bold advance towards providing a general law for the whole world through the act of only a part of the states. These states, however, represent the overwhelming majority of the international community and there is every warrant for holding that they had the right to enact law for the entire community.

What rights this international body could invoke, and by what warrant, the UN general counsel did not specify. It should be borne in mind, however, that we are a UN member by virtue of an existing treaty — the UN Charter.

However, the UN is not alone in threatening our Constitutional rights. Treaties, and innumerable agreements not even published, have been and are being constantly negotiated by our State Department. These also need to be brought under more specific Constitutional and Congressional restraint.

One of the most notorious of these existing arrangements is the Status of Forces Agreement, too hastily ratified by the Senate on July 15, 1953. This mischievous agreement fortunately has attracted considerable attention by now, and is giving the Senate some uncomfortable second thoughts on its action.

According to Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio, it "gives away the inalienable Constitutional rights of American soldiers who are offering their lives, if need be, to defend the very Constitution that I, as a Senator of the United States, am duty-bound to support. The flag follows our soldiers abroad. The Constitution must likewise follow them. I cannot acquiesce in, or regard as permanent, the dangerous

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procedure established by the criminal jurisdiction provisions of the NATO Status of Forces Agreement under which, for the first time in American history, American soldiers abroad are subject to trial under foreign law and denied the Constitutional protections to which they are entitled."

Efforts are now under way to test the Constitutionality of this treaty, and the power of Congress to rescind a treaty also may be invoked.

How did this abandonment of American sovereignty and American rights come about? Under the Constitution, the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, may make treaties with other countries. The proper subject matter of these treaties, necessarily, is in the sphere of international relations. It is abundantly clear that the Founding Fathers never intended otherwise.

Now, however, treaties and executive agreements are being perverted by the internationalists to deal with internal matters affecting personal and states' rights. Under our Constitution, only the Congress and the states should have the power to make laws dealing with these internal matters. It is this abuse of the treaty power which has come to be known as "treaty law."

The precedent was set in a series of cases decided by the Supreme Court, some of the most pertinent of which go back to the 1920's. In these, the Supreme Court upheld international agreements which overrode state laws, and disregarded what had previously been considered as the "unalienable rights" with which all men are "endowed by their Creator," in the American view. Because the matters at issue did not involve large numbers of citizens, these decisions provoked little comment. They did, however, tend to justify office-holders in recent years in subscribing to the dangerous proposals already mentioned.

Some recent cases should prove arresting. For instance, a Virginia produce merchant was sued by the present Administration for $150,000, not because he had violated any Federal or state law, but because, it was claimed, he had sold Canadian potatoes for food rather than only for seed in violation of an international agreement effected by an exchange of letters between an Assistant Secretary of State and the Canadian government. This "executive agreement," a glaring example of the abuse of "treaty law," was never submitted to the Senate. The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals held the agreement to be void because the President, by employing the executive agreement device instead of allowing the Tariff Commission to deal with the matter, as Congress had directed, had contravened the law and exceeded his powers.

Early in February, 1955, the matter was decided by the Supreme

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Court; but the highest court in the land chose not to deal with the Constitutional issue involved in the question of executive agreements overriding Congressional directives.

As the *Wall Street Journal* said, commenting on what is now known as "the Potato Case": "It is puzzling to us why there is so much opposition to spelling out in exact language just how far such international agreements should go. It is even more puzzling why such a basic question as safeguarding the Constitution should be, politically, such a hot potato."

However, in an earlier case, the Court did protect us, by a 5 to 3 vote, holding against the seizure of the steel mills, which are, of course, privately owned.

Here is what the late Garet Garrett, noted author and publicist, said about this:

> There was a steel strike. On the ground that it put the national defense in jeopardy, President Truman seized the steel properties, which he had no Constitutional right to do. The steel people appealed to the Supreme Court and the Supreme Court decided that the President was wrong, but it was a split vote. And it was the Chief Justice himself who argued that under the United Nations Charter, which is an international treaty, the President had the power to do that which under the Constitution he was forbidden to do. His seizure of the steel properties, therefore, was legal — not under the Constitution of the United States but under the Charter of the United Nations. The Chief Justice, happily, was in the minority, supported by only two other members of a court of nine."

If the Chief Justice had won over to his view only two of the five who stood by the Constitution, a most dangerous precedent would have been established. As Frank Holman, past president of the American Bar Association, stated: "The United States would in effect then and there have ceased to be an independent republic, and we would have been committed and bound by whatever the United Nations does or directs us to do. We would have had a full-fledged world government overnight."

THESE excesses of "treaty law" are not perils of the future — they are *faits accomplis* today, and there are more ahead. Over 100 UN proposals whittling away American Constitutional liberties are in various stages of preparation. Perhaps even more worrisome are the countless executive agreements, the existence of many of them unknown to the American public.

What is the basic conflict here? It is one that goes back to the genius of our unique charter of government, the Constitution. Here, for the first time, it was acknowledged that liberty is inherent in man, rather than a gift of the state or sovereign, and that the primary duty of government is to protect

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citizens from encroachments on their liberty. Implicit in this is the concept that government itself is the principal potential enemy of liberty.

Those to whom this concept is still precious owe a debt of gratitude to a group of lawyers, members of the American Bar Association. As early as 1948, they saw the danger, and the Bar Association members got into the fight.

These American lawyers, largely at the instigation of the 1949 Bar Association president, Frank Holman, induced the House of Delegates of the Association to adopt a resolution recommending an amendment to the Constitution relating to the treaty-making power. Senator Bricker, having followed the studies made by the Bar Association, drafted and introduced in the Senate an appropriate corrective proposal, which was supported by the Bar Association group.

Eventually, a substantially similar proposal was approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee by a vote of 10 to 5, and the suggested amendment was reported to the Senate in June, 1953. During the debate in the Senate, however, the Bricker proposal gave way to one introduced by Senator George, which, while unsatisfactory to the supporters of the Bricker measure, still covered the basic principle; but it lost in the Senate by one vote less than the required two-thirds.

By this time the Bricker Amendment had become a live national issue. This widespread interest had been aroused by a number of citizen organizations whose members circulated petitions for the amendment. Many of these groups also adopted resolutions favoring it.

But the fight has only started, and it will be waged most vigorously, now that the amendment has once more been presented to the 84th Congress. It is particularly important to note how significantly the Communists look upon the issue. *Political Affairs*, a Communist monthly which lays down the line for the leaders of the Red conspiracy, said in its April, 1945, issue:

> At the time of the Moscow Conference, October, 1943, the Senate voted 85 to 5 in favor of U.S. participation in a world security organization, even changing the phraseology to accord with the Moscow Declaration. . . . Great popular support and enthusiasm for United Nations policies should be built up, well organized and fully articulate. But it is also necessary to do more than that. *The opposition must be rendered so impotent that it will be unable to gather any significant support in the Senate against the UN Charter and the treaties which will follow.* . . .

Thus, to overcome the pressure by opponents of the Bricker Amendment, the drive must go on to educate Americans to the real purpose of the amendment — to protect them in their rights, and to preserve the power of the Constitution, which is their best safeguard.

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HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE?

By D. MacClure

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, London, under a worn marble slab set in the floor of "Poet's Corner," lies Thomas Parr who died in 1635. Parr was no poet. He was a simple Shropshire farmer whose sole right to that venerable plot is the fact that he claimed to be 152 years old.

Yet Thomas Parr did not die of old age. We have it on the good authority of the famous physician, William Harvey, who personally performed the autopsy on Parr's body, that all his organs were in perfect condition and that death was due to "mere plethora, brought on by more luxurious living in London than he had been accustomed to in his native county, where his food was plain and homely."

Though Thomas Parr's feat earned him a place in the Abbey, as far as Nature was concerned he had accomplished nothing extraordinary. If you compare man's life span with that of other animals, you will conclude that Nature intends man to live between 100 and 200 years. Yet few of us ever see 100.

Has science, then, through all these many centuries, accomplished anything to prolong life? The answer, unfortunately, is an emphatic "No!" Indeed, not only has science failed to prolong life — it has even failed to show us how we can live out the full quota of years with which Nature endows us; this, despite the fact that science has certainly worked miracles in raising man's life expectancy — a very different thing.

Thus, in Geneva in the 16th century the life expectancy was only 21. In the 17th century it had gone up to 26, and by the 18th century it had reached 34. Skipping from Gen-

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eva to Massachusetts, we find the citizens of that state living, on the average, to 35 in 1789, to 43 in 1890, 45 in 1897, and 63 in 1952.

Is it contradictory to say, on the one hand, that science has failed to prolong life, and to assert on the other that it has raised the expectancy of life? Not really. Science has raised man's life expectancy *by reducing the number of deaths in the early years, not in the late.* Practically all the improvement in life expectation has been due to the lowering of deaths in the first 45 years of life.

IN THE U.S. in the middle 1800's, about one-fourth of those born were dead before they were five. By 1900, only one-fourth of the newborn died before they were 40. In 1925, children were dying at a rate only half that around 1800. Yet in the same period the expectation of life for persons 65 years old had gone up from 11 years and 10 months to 11 years and 11 months — a rise of one, single, solitary month in a century and a quarter!

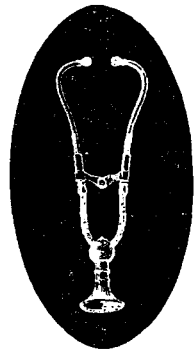
Will this decline in life expectancy in our later years continue, or will science be able to reverse the trend? Is there a ceiling to man's life span, beyond which he will never be able to climb, or will science eventually show man the way to indefinite, if not perpetual, life?

About this, science is divided. One hard-bitten school of scientists stubbornly maintains that there is a definite ceiling — which they place at about 100 — beyond which man may never hope to live consistently. They look upon 100 as a fixed barrier which we can never really hope to budge.

Those of the "limitless-span-of life" school, on the other hand, point out that Alexis Carrel had demonstrated the potential immortality of cells by keeping a piece of chicken heart alive in a jar for many years. As soon as science learns to preserve the immortality of cells in the body as well as in glass jars, they claim it will have the weapon with which to prolong life indefinitely.

What has been science's contribution towards the actual prolongation of life? Unfortunately, so far, it has been little more than a jumble of confusing and unproven theories.

Nor has the study of hormones opened up any sure path to longevity. The early hopes of finding a clue to prolonged life in the pineal or thymus glands have petered out.



What about those who actually lived beyond 100? Can't they impart their secret?

The records are full of testimonials from these super-centenarians — testimonials to food or ways of living to which they attribute their 100-plus years. But when these testimonials are simmered down

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they soon contradict and nullify each other. The accompanying table is enough to convince anyone of this:

Take Your Choice!

GALEN — Greek physician, died aged 140. Attributed his longevity to temperance.

GEORGE KIRTON — Oxnop Hall, Yorkshire, England, died aged 125. Till within two years of his death no man made more full use of the bottle.

PHILIP LOUTIER — Lyons, France, died aged 132. Drank nothing but water.

THOMAS WHITTINGTON — Hillingdon, Middlesex, died aged 108. Never took any other liquid than undiluted gin, of which he imbibed two to three pints daily.

SALEH MOHAMMED KHOKHAR — Punjab, India, died aged 120. Never drank tea or coffee.

ANNE FROST — West Raisin, Lincolnshire, died aged 111. Lived almost entirely on a tea and milk diet.

CHRISTIAN DRAKENBURG — Norwegian, died aged 146. Spent all his life in the open air.

ELIZABETH DURIEUX — Savoy, died aged 114. Her principal food was coffee of which she drank as many as 40 cups daily.

CHARLES MACKLIN — Covent Garden comedian, died aged 107. His principal beverage was white wine and water.

WILLIAM RIDDLE — Selkirk, Scotland, died aged 116. Remarkable for his love of fine old brandy.

RICHARD BROWN — Peterchurch, Hereford, died aged 108. Was never seen without a pipe in his mouth.

MARY ROGERS — Portland, Oregon. Died aged 118. Lived last 60 years on vegetables.

SIDDI WASTAD — Nagpur, India, died aged 158. Lived on flour, rice, and mutton.

FONTANELLE — Fellow of the Royal Society, died aged 100. Always attributed his longevity to a good course of strawberry eating every season.

HENRY JENKINS — Ellerton, Yorkshire, died aged 169. His diet was coarse, sour bread.

HENRY HASTINGS — Second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, died aged 100. Never failed to eat oysters both at breakfast and dinner.

ST. MUNGO — Founder of Glasgow Cathedral, died aged 160. Lived in turf hut under appalling conditions of sanitation.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE — English aristocrat. Never needed to work in his life. Reveled in wealth, dissipation and luxury. Died aged 101.

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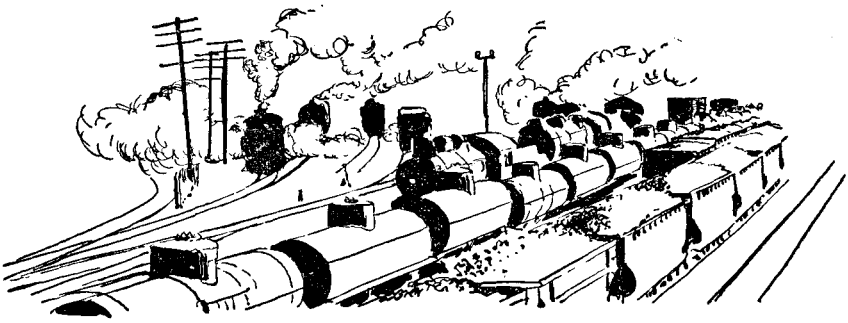

You Can't Lose a Freight Car

By Jack B. Kemmerer

THE old woman who lived in a shoe could take some lessons from the railroads. They keep track of a brood of 2,060,165 freight-car "children" every day and, with the system employed, can't lose a freight car — for long, that is.

Today's freight cars are constantly on the move and spend little of their life at home. A good example is the check made by Union Pacific of one of its cars — No. 193346. This car was an ordinary boxcar of average age and condition. In four years, No. 193346 passed through the hands of 83 railroads, some as many as 10 times, for a total of 221 changes. It changed roads every seven days, was in every state at least once and several Canadian provinces; it passed through every major city of the United States and carried loads ranging from sewing machines to surveying instruments to furniture to "Bundles for Britain." Yet the Union Pacific could have located No. 193346 any time during its travels within an hour.

One recent Sunday evening, in the plant of a California chemical manufacturer, a steel drum filled with chemical blew sky-high in an earthshaking explosion. An immediate investigation revealed that something had gone wrong during the mixing process. As soon as the chemical was put up in drums it expanded. Suddenly the plant superintendent remembered that somewhere in the U.S. were five freight cars loaded with drums of chemical from the same batch, already building up deadly pressures and ready to explode into sudden death and destruction at any moment.

Racing for the telephone, he called

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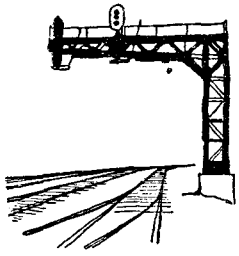
his freight agent. The agent immediately notified the Association of American Railroads in Washington, D. C., giving them the numbers of the cars involved. Teletype wires crackled across the nation. The five time-bomb cars were located in exactly 90 minutes, hauled to isolated sidings and the drums shot full of holes to relieve the deadly pressures of the chemicals.



The AAR and the railroads had cooperated to find the five freight cars in five widely separated areas of the United States — New Jersey, California, Iowa, Nevada, and Illinois!

For the chemical manufacturer and anyone not familiar with the way railroads keep track of cars, this swift and accurate plucking of five particular freight cars out of the 2,060,165 in the United States was nothing less than a miracle. For the railroads and the AAR, the emergency was all in a day's work.

KNOWING each car's location every hour of the day requires an intricate system and is a bigger achievement than finding a needle in a haystack. It's handled through an involved system of notification that uses punch cards, IBM machines, teletypes, and mail reports from other railroads and the AAR.

Every five seconds one of our 17,000 daily freight trains starts its run in the U.S. or Canada.

Six hundred and eighty-three companies operate more than 236,687 miles of railroads. All of them have one big problem in common — keeping track of freight cars and their billion-dollar cargoes.

Each railroad has a car record office with a car accountant in charge. By means of conductor's wheel reports (showing cars moving in trains), interchange reports (showing cars interchanged at junction points), and reports received by teletype from yard offices, each car record office keeps a complete up-to-date record of the movements of all freight cars on its own lines and all of its cars on other lines. When a car moves from one road to another, it is reported to the car record office of the line concerned, including the railroad which owns the car.

After a car has been spotted at a shipper's dock and loaded, a bill of lading is issued, the car inspected, sealed, and a waybill written. It is then taken to the classification yard, which is to the railroads what the sorting rack is to the postoffice. Here all incoming trains are broken up and respotted according to destination, along with cars originating in this area.

Mistakes can happen in any man-made system. Mr. E. R. Prueter, car accountant of Illinois Central,

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recalled an error made before the railroad even received the car. A Chicago packer ordered a refrigerator car to ship a load of fresh meat to the Eastern seaboard. A car was spotted at the loading platform; bill of lading issued and signed; car seals applied by the packer; and a waybill made showing all of the necessary information.

The IC delivered it to a connecting railroad and it arrived safely at destination on schedule. The original seals were broken and the car doors opened. To the amazement of the consignee — the car was empty! Screaming robbery, he yelled for the freight agent. Upon immediate investigation, the packer in Chicago admitted ruefully that through an unexplainable oversight, car seals had been applied before the car had been loaded and that the meat was still at his plant.

THE opposite happened when the railroad made a mistake. Sid Meyers, Santa Fe car distributor, remembers a shipment he'd like to forget. The Santa Fe loaded a car with fresh cabbage in Los Angeles and headed it toward New York. An interchange report was received when the car left the Santa Fe lines at Chicago and again upon its safe arrival in New York. That was the last heard of the car, except when it changed railroads headed for home a report came in. About two months later the car showed up and was switched to a citrus packer to be loaded with oranges for the East.

When the dockmen opened the doors, a terrible stench and gas surged out that was so bad two men passed out. The car had never been unloaded in New York and was still full of what had been fresh cabbage.

The smell of rotten cabbage had permeated the car so badly that it was almost six months before the car could be returned to active duty.

In the classification yard, after the train has been made up, it is taken over by one of the key men on the railroad — the dispatcher. All train movements, both freight and passenger, are handled by the dispatcher, who controls every foot of operating track owned by the railroad. He's the man that keeps the goods moving, putting a freight on a siding for a fast passenger train, or a "local" in the hole for a manifest freight train.

To assist in handling freight cars between railroads and in accounting for car hire, it was necessary that regulations be formulated. The AAR promulgated rules governing the movement of cars, known as Car Service Rules, and regulations for the settlement of car hire. Car hire, or per diem, means that a railroad must pay the owner of a "foreign" car on its lines $1.75 per day. On a large railroad like the Santa Fe, the daily car hire charges that the Santa Fe must pay to other railroads is approximately $50,000.

Foreign cars are supposed to be returned to their home lines with

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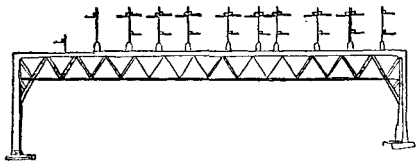

the least possible delay. Every effort is made to return the cars carrying a load but when this is impossible, they are returned empty.

Like all rules, however, this one is somewhat elastic. If a railroad happens to need rolling stock at a particular moment and has foreign cars available, they will use them.

It will be recalled that some years ago American railroads threatened to discontinue carrying coal to Canada because U.S. lines claimed that Canadian lines were not returning the empties fast enough.

DESPITE per diem charges, the average railroad has more foreign cars on its lines than its own. A recent survey made of six major roads proved that out of every 100 freight cars operated, about 70 per cent were foreign.

The interchange of cars, which has made the growth of American industry possible, hasn't always been possible, for freight cars in the early days were stay-at-homes. Each railroad kept its cars on its own lines. When a car reached the end of its lines, it was unloaded and the freight transferred to the connecting railroad's cars. On long-distance hauls, transfers took place many times and shipments were slow and costly.

The biggest difficulty to overcome was the difference in gauge of the rails of various railroads. In 1871, 23 different gauges, ranging from three to six feet, existed in the U.S.

Through the efforts of various groups, later organized as the Association of American Railroads, gauges were standardized and today any freight car can be sent to any railroad in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. All cars couple, brake, and run together; even the ladders, steps, and hand brakes are always in the same places.

Knowing the location of every freight car proves to be of immeasurable value. Recently the AAR related how the Army asked the association to find — and fast — a super freight car capable of transporting a 525,000-pound steel tower to a remote spot few people had ever heard of — Alamagordo, New Mexico. The AAR knew that one such giant car did exist, and where it was at the moment. The car was turned over to the Army with no questions asked. They later learned that the huge tower was used in the detonation of the first atomic bomb.

These are only a few examples of requests concerning freight cars — they run into the thousands each month. So if you happen to have a favorite freight car or cargo missing, don't be like the old woman who lived in a shoe — just call the railroad. They'll find it for you in a jiffy.

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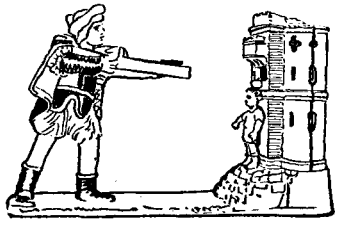
SAVING MONEY USED TO BE FUN

By RAYMOND B. BROWN

THE NEW secretary of a millionaire industrialist, going over his boss' incoming mail, took up a postal card that read: "Shipping speaking dog today." Another communication in the same mail read: "Fat man accompanies frog and serpent this week."

The secretary was reasonably sure the old man was not starting a carnival, but apparently quick preparations had to be made for receiving a dog, a frog, a serpent, and a fat man, so he hastened to his boss for instructions.

"Ah, good, I've been waiting for them for some time," said the boss. "Put them on my desk when they arrive." Then at the look of amazement on his secretary's face, he explained he was an avid collector of old mechanical banks, and the "Speaking Dog," the "Fat Man," and "The Frog and Serpent," were merely the trade names for three banks he had wanted to add to his collection.



As his secretary was still looking at him in an incredulous fashion, he added defensively, "You've heard of Walter Chrysler, haven't you?"

The secretary nodded.

"Well, he had one of the biggest and best collections in the country." And he added gleefully, "Some of the biggest and smartest business and professional men collect them."

There are about 250 different old mechanical banks, but because some are extremely rare, no collector owns anywhere near a complete collection.

The first known mechanical bank is called a "Mechanical Alms Box" and is believed to have been made between the years 206 B.C. and 220 A.D. This bank is of glazed pottery, green in color, and is still in excellent condition with the exception of the little figure of a bear on top which is

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badly broken. When a coin is dropped into the slot just in front of the animal, the bear nods its head. This bank is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of New York and is pictured and described in Ina Hayward Bellows' very fine book, *Old Mechanical Banks.*

BANKS known as "still" banks have been in use almost since the beginning of time. But our grandfathers, to charm coins out of the young hands of their children, commenced thinking of the feature of movement.

In December, 1869, Mr. John Hall, a New Englander, invented the first mechanical bank in this country. It was called "Hall's Excelsior Bank," and, though not complicated, was exceedingly ingenious. It is a little house of cast iron with a bell and a cupola. When you pull the bell, the roof of the cupola goes up and a monkey appears. The monkey accepts your coin and disappears. This bank was such a success and so many were sold that many competitors began working on almost every type of figure imaginable.

Six years after Hall's bank appeared, another New Englander, Mr. F. Frisbee, filed a patent from Cromwell, Connecticut, on what is probably one of the most unique and best known of all mechanical banks. This bank is of cast iron and shows the figure of a stout man with a moustache sitting in a chair with his right hand outstretched. On the side of the chair, in a circle, are the words: *Tammany Bank.*

At the time, Tammany was in terrible repute because of exposures of the Tweed Ring of graft. Tweed had just been revealed as one of the worst scoundrels New York had ever known and had been indicted for stealing millions. The bank appeared at just the right time to be talked about and the design of the bank was almost perfect for the purpose. The man in the chair resembled Tweed; the right hand, tilted upward as if beckoning, appeared to be literally demanding a coin. Between the fingers of his right hand is a space to hold a penny, nickel, dime, or quarter. The coin being placed in the hand causes it to tilt down toward a slot cut in the left hand pocket of the man's coat. When the coin drops into the sitter's pocket, the man tips his head in thanks.

The Tammany Bank sold in huge quantities, not only because it is one of the most unique of mechanical banks but it also caught the fancy of the public when the names Tweed and Tammany were on almost everyone's lips.

Though Mr. Frisbee made a tremendous success with this bank, Mr. Hall continued to be the leader in patenting banks.

An astounding variety of mechanical banks have been manufactured since those days, but only a dozen or more really caught on and had huge sales. Anything that oc-

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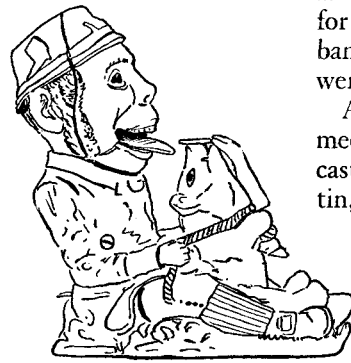
curred of interest seemed to give some craftsman an idea for a bank. The Spanish American War inspired several types of shooting banks — the coin being placed on the barrel of the gun to be shot into a tree, a boat, or some similar receptable.

Just a year or so ago, a well-known distillery issued two types of banks, one numbered and limited to 1,000, the other, practically the same bank but in colors instead of white metal. The numbered and registered bank sold for $10 but, already being scarce, now brings around $25. These two banks, in the shape of a bottle, carry the advertisement of the distillery.



But Mr. Hall's banks evidently must have been the best sellers for, after more than 70 years, there are still thousands in existence.

New England led the way in manufacturing mechanical banks until the end of the era. New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago manufactured a few banks but the lists of patents filed shows the New England states far ahead in the bank business. Incidentally, there are probably more mechanical bank collectors in these states than in any other section of the country.

Almost all of the mechanical banks are scarce. *Hobbies*, the bible of collectors, has, as a rule, about 15 dealers and collectors advertising to buy banks from $10 to $200 each (according to a bank's scarcity), to the one or two advertising to sell banks. Of the approximately 250 banks recognized as originals, or collectors' items — manufactured between the years 1869 and 1890 — only about a dozen can be purchased for as little as $25 each. As the craze for collecting mechanical banks increased, the prices went up.

Although most of the mechanical banks were of cast iron, many were of tin, a few of wood, and some of leather or pottery. While strictly speaking, mechanical banks are not antiques because they are not, as a rule, anywhere near 100 years old, those for sale are usually found in antique shops except when purchased by mail.

The craze for collecting both mechanical and still banks has been increasing rapidly and it is a rare thing to find one in the usual shop. As a matter of fact, several clubs of enthusiasts have been formed. But so many of these banks were broken by persons in a hurry to get coins from them, and so many others have been lost or destroyed by fire, probably it will not be many years before even the more common ones will be in great demand.

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A Preacher Speaks His Mind

ANONYMOUS

I THINK it's about time that our clergymen open their mouths. I mean, they should speak frankly about their incomes.

Can you recall the last time you read something about preachers' salaries, outside of the facts and figures in your church's annual budget report? Repeatedly we hear and read about the farmer's income, the laborer's income, the miner's income, the businessman's income, and on and on. We read and hear about everybody's income, except the minister's.

It has been traditional for the man of the cloth to maintain his dignity and suffer in silence. Clergymen have not dared to speak on this subject lest they be considered "greedy of filthy lucre."

I am a clergyman. I cannot remain silent any longer, for I am weary of living by the good graces of my creditors. I am tired of being in debt. Why cannot my wife have new dresses, and hats, and shoes as often as the wives of my parishioners? Why must my children be content with less than other children because they chance to be "preacher's kids"? For my wife and children I dare to speak out. Yes, and for my fellow-workers in the ministry I want to tell you about the incomes of our American clergymen.

What kind of income do these men receive? There are a very few who receive exceptionally large incomes. But do you know of a preacher in your neighborhood who is getting $25,000 a year? There are a few more ministers who are getting a satisfactory remuneration for their services and ministrations. Is your pastor among these? Or is he like the majority of our clergymen who are receiving incomes wholly inadequate to take care of their needs?

It is reported by the Research and Survey Department of the National Council of Churches: "The purchasing power of Protestant pastors is 13 per cent *less* today than it was 12 years ago. In

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contrast, the purchasing power of the average factory worker has increased 42 per cent and that of the store clerk, 33 per cent."

It is difficult to determine accurately what is the average annual income of the clergymen in our country. The amounts vary in the different church denominations, and all the church groups do not publish figures on incomes. In my own denomination, the salaries range from $200 a month to $350. Among my closest fellow-preachers, the average is $250 a month.

In addition to the salary, many churches provide the pastor with a parsonage. This is not always the wonderful thing it might appear to be. Too often the minister and his family are housed in an ancient manse which has many rooms, no insulation, leaky window and door frames, and requires the expenditure of hundreds of dollars each year for fuel. We can point to many new, modern parsonages. But the old, dilapidated, neglected manses of the last century are still too numerous.

Some congregations pay the pastor's fuel bills. Others pay his electric, gas, water, and telephone bills. Although these are small amounts, in a year's time they do add up to a considerable sum, certainly not to be despised by any preacher.

There are many churches which provide their ministers with a monthly car allowance. Most ministers buy their own cars, but use them chiefly for doing the business of the church. Happy indeed is the man whose congregation presents him with a new car.

We dare not forget to mention the perquisites. These are cash gifts given for special services rendered at baptisms, confirmations, weddings, and funerals. In some parishes these are completely lacking. In others, they amount to a sizeable total every year. Very seldom do the givers of these gifts realize the varied uses to which the perquisites are put — a payment to an impatient creditor, the purchase of a badly needed pair of Sunday trousers, the installment due on an insurance policy. Often I have felt badly that some one had to die and be buried just in time for the children to get new shoes.

Consider all these forms of remuneration together, and in too many cases you get a total annual income that is inadequate for meeting the daily needs of the preacher and his family.

WHAT kind of an income should our preachers receive? Naturally the income requirements will vary according to the size of the family and the expectations of the parish. It seems that the clergymen have always been blessed with large families. You know what four, six, or eight children require in food and clothing alone.

The members of a rural parish may not expect their pastor to dress as well and drive as expensive a car as must the man serving a congrega-

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tion of upper-middle-class members. But church members should remember that their ministers are human beings who have the same essential needs they have. Even a preacher may like to indulge in a hobby. Because of his cultural training, he may like to attend concerts and plays, or he may enjoy going to a baseball or football game. In short, you know what kind of an income you need. The preacher's needs are very much like your own.

FOR the consideration of church councils, or whatever group may be responsible for determining the minister's annual income, I make the following constructive suggestions:

1. Pay your preacher a salary that is in keeping with the incomes of other professional men in your community. At the very least, his salary should be equal to the average income of his parishioners.

2. If you provide a parsonage, let it be insulated, have an efficient heating plant, and be equipped with up-to-date conveniences. By all means, allow the pastor to furnish it himself. Many are the preachers' wives who have paled at the array of cast-off, unmatched furnishings donated by members of the congregation. Many younger ministers today prefer to have a salary large enough that they may rent or buy their own homes.

3. The fuel bills should be paid by the church only when the salary is not sufficient to prevent these bills from becoming a burden.

4. The telephone bills should be paid by the congregation, since most of the telephone use is for the church's business. Most pastors would prefer to pay their own utility bills, rather than have the members complain about how much electricity and gas the family uses. If the salary is adequate, there is no reason why the preacher should not pay these bills.

5. The congregation ought to furnish a car or provide a monthly allowance for gas, oil, tires, and repairs. "It is the car that keeps us preachers broke." It is common practice for business firms to provide their employees with cars when such are needed for transacting the firm's business. Most of the time the minister uses his car in carrying on church work.

6. As far as the perquisites are concerned it would be better to discontinue them, and instead let the members contribute more toward the pastor's salary.

In concluding, this should be said: before we preachers entered the ministry we knew that we would never become wealthy in our profession. We did not choose to serve in this work because we expected great financial reward, but because we looked forward to the opportunities it provides for Christian service. We feel the weighty responsibilities of providing for our families. We know from experience that too frequently we are hindered in our labors by the financial difficulties that beset us. All we ask is that our churches provide us and our families with adequate incomes.

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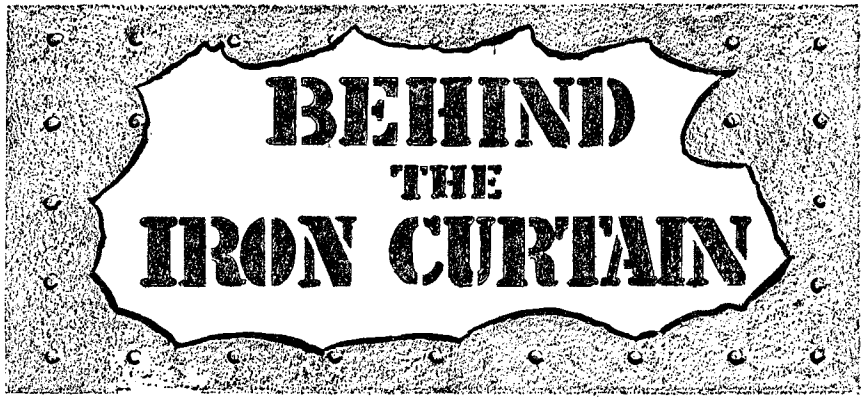

China Means War?

ARTICLE INDEXED

By ALAN SET

THE FALLACIOUS hope of a gradual dissociation of the Soviet Union and China is the source of probably the most dangerous errors of judgment committed by the West in its dealings with the Communist East. This hope is being carefully nurtured by the Communists themselves. Sam Watson, British M.P., some weeks ago quoted Viacheslav Molotov, who, wishing him good luck on his departure from Moscow to Peiping, added in a confidential manner: "And do nothing that may injure the friendship of Russia and China."

To the naïve Britisher, these words became the proof of a "gulf of suspicion and fears" which — he thinks — divides the two totalitarian regimes. The fact is that there is no gulf of suspicion and fears to divide the two regimes for the simple reason that there are no two regimes but a single one. What shrewd Molotov wanted was to confuse even more an already badly confused Sam Watson, and he certainly achieved his aim.

No purpose is served by indulging in historical analogies and trying to understand a Mao Tse-tung by studying the life of a Hen Fei-tse who lived 2,400 years ago, or brooding about the peasant origins of today's China rulers and the intellectual origins of those who rule today over Russia. Nothing lasts forever, of course, and we can take

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it for granted that the day will come when the Moscow-Peiping axis will be a thing of the past, like all things of this world. But the fact remains that at present the 900-million-men-strong Red Empire is governed by a single quasi-religious body, most of whose members are Russians, some are Chinese, and that — apart from pure speculation — nothing indicates that this will change in the foreseeable future.

Mao Tse-tung, Lin Piao, Chou En-lai, Chu Teh, Li Li-san, Chen Yi and the others are men of exactly the same brand as Khrushchev, Bulganin, Molotov, Zhukov and the rest of the old Bolsheviks. They believe in the same Marxist gospel as interpreted by Lenin, Stalin, and Mao himself; they are bent on the same task — not to assure the greatness of China, but to assure the conquest of the world by their own ungodly order, within which they are bound together by indissoluble ties; they are tremendously successful. In less than six years, they have turned an anarchic and utterly chaotic country into an immense, disciplined military camp, ready to play its part in the Moscow-directed world revolution. Instead of measuring the depth of imaginary gulfs dividing China and Russia, we would certainly play safer investigating the very grave threat which the unified action of these two powers presents.

The tasks assigned to China by the very realistic and very ruthless Russo-Chinese rulers of the Red Empire are determined by the country's characteristics and possibilities. The most important characteristic of today's China is that it is the only country in the world which does not fear an atomic war.

TEN H-BOMBS dropped on Great Britain would paralyze the life of the nation. Ten H-bombs dropped on the U.S.S.R. might destroy her military potential. Ten H-bombs dropped on China could kill several score million Chinese, leaving another 500 million unscathed, for all practical purposes. This immunity to atomic war becomes, today, China's most valuable asset, and we can be sure it won't be left unused by those who direct Operation World Conquest.

In our age, the best indicator of a country's wealth is its output of minerals — oil, coal, and metals — of which America produces 50.6 per cent of the world's total. In contrast, the output of China — some 3,000,000 tons of pig iron and 2,170,000 tons of steel ingot being a fair example — is too insignificant to be taken into account.

The same can be said of other Chinese industries—they are non-existent. According to Japanese sources, it will take ten more years before China restores her 1937 output. The five-year plan, launched in 1953 with the usual Communist fanfare, appears to be confined to the building of a few new factories in Northeast Manchuria, in the Huai River

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basin and in Sinkiang, all the South being left untouched. A few railway lines have been extended; a road to Tibet has been built; a few water conservation projects have been completed — and that is all. Economically, the over 600-million-men-strong China represents to the Red Empire the same value as the 25-million-men-strong Poland.

The only ever-increasing Chinese wealth is people — at least 10,000,000 more Chinese to be fed and clothed and sheltered every year, while there is not enough food, clothing, and shelter for those who are already there. Yet to the Communist master-minds, this is the second chief Chinese asset, not to be left unused. A starving peasant from Sinkiang or a Mongolian shepherd in rags makes an excellent soldier, perhaps the best soldier in the world. He is the ideal killer — so unafraid of death that before a battle he must be threatened with severe punishment for unnecessarily risking his own life. From these peasants and shepherds, General Lin Piao has formed, during the past three years, a very powerful and extremely dangerous modern army, an army which at present is ready to fight.

Military secrets in China are even more closely guarded than they are in Russia; we can, therefore, talk about the Chinese military setup only in most general terms. According to the best estimates, Red China has at present 160 to 170 infantry divisions of 10,000 men each, their fire-power comparable to that of the Russian army units. There are at least 18 and perhaps 20 armored divisions, and 15 divisions of heavy artillery. All the heavy equipment comes from Russia, only light equipment and ammunition being manufactured at home.

Parallel to the reorganization of its land army, Red China carried out during the last three years a thorough reorganization of its air force, which today is at least three times as strong as it was during the last year of the Korean War, and numbers some 3,000 modern Russian planes. There has been no noticeable build-up of China's minuscule navy, to which only 2 or 3 Soviet submarines may have been added.

THESE FEW figures should suffice to demonstrate that, in view of her invulnerability to attacks with nuclear weapons, Red China presents today an alarmingly strong war machine within the Communist set up. It is alarming, because Russia would not make the tremendous effort of instructing and equipping a huge Chinese army, almost equal to her own, without a very definite purpose. And the Chinese would not spend billions of Soviet roubles on arms, neglecting their own lamentably poor industries, unless for some concrete reason they definitely preferred ready-made planes and tanks to factories and mines at this time. It is certainly not because of fear of Chiang Kai-shek and his 500,000

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veterans on Formosa, or of Syngman Rhee's 20 divisions, that Mao has mustered two and a half million men in the regular army plus a minimum of another million and a half in the various security forces.

The only explanation of this ominous decision is that the immediate creation of a very strong Chinese army and fairly strong air force has appeared to the Russo-Chinese rulers of paramount importance, while the implementation of the five-year plan has been judged far less important or maybe even inexpedient for the time being.

More than sufficiently protected against any foreign aggression by her alliance with the U.S.S.R., China can hardly evoke the needs of her own security as the reason for turning into a military power overnight. If not for defense, armies can only be used for aggression, or as an instrument of political blackmail — and this is obviously what the new Red Chinese armies are for.

Because of China's complete economic dependence on Russia, it is equally obvious that the future aggressions or blackmails of aggression were not planned in Peiping alone, but in Peiping and Moscow, like all other big schemes interesting the Red Empire. Maybe tomorrow Red China will appear to be on the point of getting out of hand, and Molotov will obligingly propose to the West that he try to arrange things, of course at a price. Then the addition of new territories to the Communist domain may prove well worth the effort and expense of arming and training the hungry peasants from Sinkiang and the Mongolian shepherds.

But maybe — and this is what we do not know — in accordance with Russo-Chinese plans, Red China may one of these days really "get out of hand." Her Russian-made guns may suddenly start shooting and her Russian-made tanks begin rolling. There is a lot of rich country to be conquered in Southeast Asia, and a number of "colonial" peoples to be "liberated."

Is this, then, the master plan mapped out by the wise men of Moscow and Peiping? Will it be possible, without using the atom, to stop the 200 — or by that time perhaps much more numerous — Red Chinese divisions? And if the atom is used, will it not be the ultimate proof of "American colonialism"? Will it not become the signal for that "Storm Over Asia" of which the Communist strategists have been dreaming so long?

In former times, situations such as the one we are witnessing today used to be prevented by wise statesmanship and adroit diplomacy. Today's diplomats are hoping for a gradual dissociation of China and the Soviet Union, and studying the life of Hen Fei-tse. The dissociation will certainly come, maybe in ten years or maybe some time in the next century. But tomorrow a continent may be lost.

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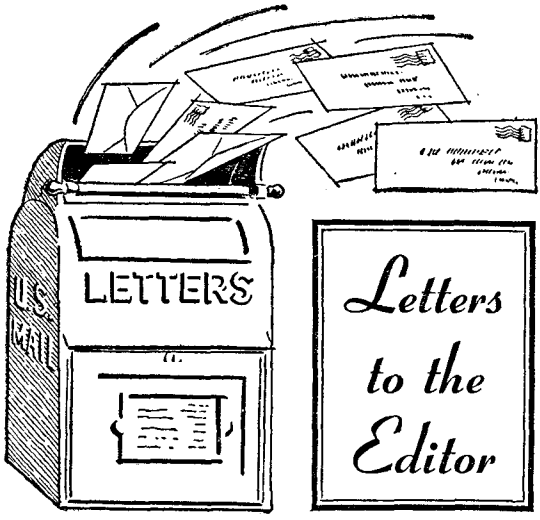

» Perhaps you would be interested in learning of a project which grew out of an item in your May, 1954, issue. Dr. Matthews' article, "An Anti-Communist's Guide to Action," appeared at the time the State Court of Catholic Daughters of America in New Jersey was in the process of incorporating in its structure a new department, the State Security Committee. The purpose of this Committee is simply to help safeguard the future security of our state by combating Communism and its evil influence.

Beyond question, one of the greatest aids to the traitorous American Communist dedicated to the destruction of our American Republic is the indifferent or ignorant citizen who would be sincerely horrified to learn that his very indifference or ignorance is being used against him. We believe that the most constructive and effective method of offsetting this evil is through public education, spreading knowledge about the ways and means employed by Communists, teaching the American public to recognize the danger signals, the hazards.

To this end, the Security Department of the State Court will project a plan to the ninety-four courts of this state in a series of Workshops commencing February 27, whereby *all* of the volumes listed by Dr. Matthews will be placed in local libraries (public) throughout the state. To spur further interest in these volumes, we hope to run a series of book reviews in local newspapers, wherever possible, to maintain and sustain interest in these books.

This project, of course, was made possible by your publication of this list and I thought you would like to know that one article may occasionally affect many, many people.

CECILIA SMULLEN
Chairman, State Security Committee
Westfield, New Jersey

(*We wish you success in your project and thank you for letting us know about it.* — ED.)

» With reference to your article, "Stamped Boners" by Albert Abarbanel, he mentions a Nicaragua stamp issued in 1900. When the volcano pictured on the stamp erupted in 1902, this French engineer, Bunau-Varille, rushed out and bought 96 of these stamps so he could send one to each U. S. Senator. He could have saved money and bought only 90, as there

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were only 45 states in 1902. New Mexico (1912), Arizona (1912) and Oklahoma (1907) were missing.

BERNARD SANOW
Los Angeles, California

» Concerning the article, "Stamped Boners," by Albert Abarbanel, the author made a slight boner himself. If, as the article states, the French engineer purchased 96 stamps for transmittal — one each to every member of the U. S. Senate — he must have had six of them left with which to mail letters . . .

MYRON K. ROSENBERG
San Francisco, California

» I was very pleased to see the article on Sister Marie Suzanne (March issue), and would be glad to have anything on our Sisters in your magazine, because I consider AMERICAN MERCURY tops!

Unfortunately, one line toward the end of the article gives a false inference — that Doctor Hall, throughout his ten years of work with Sister Marie Suzanne, disliked Sisters, whereas it was only when he first heard that Sisters were coming. He had had no contact with them before that. "Detest" is a little strong — he had no attraction for working with Sisters. But it wasn't long before Sister Marie Suzanne and the Doctor were working together, and it is to Doctor Hall that Sister gives credit for her introduction into medical work and for much of her early training which has resulted in her present successful experiments.

I'd appreciate very much if this letter could be published, since Doctor Hall is still living, and it might come somewhat as a shock to him to read that he worked with Sisters for ten years, detesting them all the while!

Be sure of my prayers for God's blessing on you and your work.

SISTER MARY AUGUSTUS
Marist Missions Magazine
Marist Missionary Sisters
Framingham Centre, Massachusetts

» This is, first of all, a letter of appreciation for your wonderful magazine.

I would like also to commend the article by Lessing Rosenwald in the March issue ("Jews, Arabs and Zionism"). It explains so clearly something that certainly needed clarification — to me, at least!

HELEN A. BROWN
Cincinnati, Ohio

» Please take my praise and thanks for the outstanding article, "The Public Be Damned" by Huntington Hartford. It was right out of my heart and I have sent a magazine of yours to the Museum of Modern Art. And maybe I shall venture to go to the Museum once again this year.

Your magazine certainly tops the best in the United States. "How the Communists Hoodwinked FDR" and "Elmer Davis Runs Scared" are statistics of history.

The first thing I read in your magazine is "In the MERCURY'S Opinion." Then I read Mr. Lyons. After that I start from the beginning and read the book all the way through . . .

EMMA WILLMANN
Paterson, New Jersey

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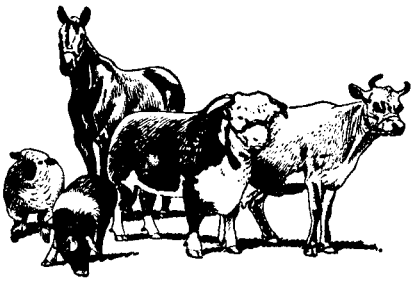
THEY TOLD INDIA THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICA



☆ ☆ ☆

By Andrew Hamilton

LAST August, a handful of students from the University of California at Los Angeles met representatives of six Indian colleges at the Indian Government guest house in Trivandrum. There, at the southern tip of India, is a rich agricultural area where rice, coconuts, and pineapples grow in abundance — and Communist propaganda flourishes like a bright, poisonous orchid.

It was an argumentative, explosive session. Over cashew nuts and tea, the Indians had hurled the usual "loaded" questions, and the Americans had batted them back. Near the end of the evening, a slim, intense Indian student arose and thanked the Americans for their hospitality. But within his flowery phrases were the thorns of Marxist propaganda: *Students of all countries should unite and overthrow their imperialistic governments.*

Irv Drasnin, sports editor of the UCLA *Daily Bruin* and chairman of the meeting, jumped to his feet.

"In the United States," he said, "we have a two-party system, but anyone can follow any 'ism' he likes — from Vegetarianism to Hard Money-ism. These many voices, however, are one in support of democracy. A student has choices, opportunities, freedoms — sure."

Irv paused briefly, "But there's one thing we're united on: we believe in orderly evolution — not violence or revolution!"

The Indian student's jaw dropped, but he had no comeback. The meeting closed and Irv said later that he felt "about 12 feet tall."

For the past three years, groups of 12 students from UCLA, accompanied by two adult advisers, have spent their summers in India, studying the Indian student's point of view, learning about that country's rich history and culture, and above all, presenting in return the truth about America.

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This unique enterprise, called "Project India," was conceived spontaneously on January 25, 1952, at the University Religious Conference. This is an all-faith organization. A group of students had gathered to hear Dr. James W. Robinson, a Harlem Presbyterian minister who had just returned from the Orient. He electrified his listeners by revealing the alarming rash of misinformation that existed in India, much of it spread by the Communists. For example: that 40 Negroes a day are lynched in the United States, that no man with colored skin may own property, that Wall Street is planning to enslave the world.

"And what are we doing about it?" he asked bitterly. "Sending leaflets into a country where only 17 per cent of the people can read, beaming radio broadcasts in an area where only one tenth of one per cent have sets.

"To combat Communism's monstrous untruths we need a *person to person* approach, to give the peoples of India a real understanding of the United States."

Afterwards, some of the more thoughtful students gathered for coffee and doughnuts at the home of Adeline Guenther — sprightly, white-haired Executive Secretary of the University Religious Conference, whom the campus knows fondly as "Gram." The discussion on India continued hotly. Dr. Robinson was even routed out of his hotel bed to answer questions. Finally at 3 A.M., desperate for sleep, "Gram" asked:

"Well, what are you kids going to do about it?"

Dave Lund, campus wheel and chairman of the Junior Prom, replied: "Go to India, of course," and waited for a laugh that never came.

Where to raise money for such a trip? In the weeks that followed, "Gram" presented the idea of Project India to the State Department, the military, wealthy foundations, and individuals. They all murmured politely, "interesting experiment . . . let us know how it turns out." But one man, Winthrop Rockefeller, was willing to gamble $15,000 on it.

The first summer, 1952, proved so successful that the Ford Foundation supplied $23,000 for the 1953 trip and $25,000 for last summer. "Gram" and one other adult have accompanied each Project India group. The first year, Rev. Cecil Hoffman, campus adviser for the Presbyterian Church, went along; the second and third years Robert Jaffie, a Burbank, California, high school English teacher, served as adviser.

THE THREE groups have talked to 100,000 of India's 300,000 college students—winning friends for democracy simply by being the good-humored, intelligent, friendly Americans they are. They've answered countless questions, confessed with candor when they didn't know the answers, admitted room for improvement in some of the things that America does.

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About 100 UCLA students volunteered for last year's trip. For three months they gave up Friday night dates, basketball games, and parties to attend seminars on India. Written exams, personality interviews, and "stress" tests (something like wartime OSS tests to measure psychological reactions) narrowed the group to 12.

Final selections included a cross-section of collegiate America: (1) Irv Drasnin, political science major; (2) Charlie Decker, a pre-law student and a Korean veteran; (3) Judy Fargo, who plans to be a teacher; (4) Nira Hardon, a Negro girl who also will teach; (5) Lynne Kiene, considering a public relations career; (6) Clydeen Kintz, an international relations student; (7) Pierre Mornell, English major and son of a college professor; (8) Sheila Montgomery, another Negro girl who is a Catholic and planning to be a teacher; (9) Curt Owen, an anthropology student; (10) Gerald Samuelson, an art student; (11) Yoshio Setoguchi, a Japanese-American pre-med student; and (12) John Wofford, a Harvard history major, the only non-UCLA student in the group. Average age: 20 years.

At the Majestic Hotel a group of Indian reporters met them. "What is America's attitude toward Indo-China?" was the first question. Irv and Pierre sat down on their suitcases and answered questions for three hours. Next morning when they awoke, four Indians squatted quietly near their beds, waiting to continue the questioning.

As a result of newspaper stories, the students were deluged with invitations to appear at colleges, public ceremonies, teas, Rotary club meetings and All-India Radio programs. Fortunately, the language barrier is almost non-existent. Indian students who will be the statesmen, businessmen, scientists, and educators of the future, speak English well.

A typical presentation was one made in a jam-packed auditorium at Lucknow University.

Charlie Decker spoke on "Why We Came" — giving something of the history of Project India. Then Nira Hardon talked about "America's Educational System." Yosh discussed "Athletics in the United States," emphasizing that only performance is important — not skin color or size of Dad's bankroll. Clydeen reported on "Extracurricular Activities," a feature of college life almost unknown to Indian students. Lynne continued with "Ideals of Our Students," summing up some of our philosophies. Irv told about "The American Student's Attitude Toward the Government and the World." No speech lasted more than five minutes.

AND THEN came the barrage of questions. Most of them were asked out of a desire to learn, but others were political curves adroitly pitched by left-wing professionals. Project India soon learned that the

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best way to handle any hot question was honestly and straightforwardly.

"Why do you send military aid to Pakistan?"

"The United States offered India the same aid and you turned it down," Curt pointed out. "Any time Pakistan threatens to use arms against India, our government will cut off military aid and take the quarrel to the United Nations. One more thing: India gets about five times as much economic aid from the United States as does Pakistan."

The scoffing question was often asked: "Are you really afraid of Communism?"

"You bet we're afraid of Communism!" Lynne would reply, jumping to her feet. "We've seen it take over country after country, both in Europe and the Far East. It's crushed the liberties and lives of millions of people. We don't want that to happen in the United States."

Another frequent question: "Why did the Americans drop the A-bomb on the dark-skinned peoples of Japan and not upon the white-skinned Germans?"

Pierre would answer by recounting the facts of history: Germany surrendered in early June, 1945, but the A-bomb was not completed until about six weeks later.

Here are some others:

Q. *Why doesn't the United States favor the entry of Red China into the UN?* A. We don't think that any nation should be allowed to shoot its way into the UN.

Q. *Why is America trying to force India to join SEATO?* A. When you're invited to a party, you don't have to accept. India was invited to join SEATO and is not being forced to join.

Q. *Why do you claim the United States is a democracy when your Constitution allows neither Negroes nor women to run for President?* A. Have you ever actually read the United States Constitution? (The usual comeback was a lame "No — but I've read articles which say this is so.")

Not all the questions were serious ones. Sometimes the Indians would ask: "What are these college 'panty raids' we hear about?" or "Where does the nose go in kissing?" One day Irv caught the question: "Why do American students like Marilyn Monroe?"

He replied: "For the same reasons you do," and the Indians laughed appreciatively.

INDIAN students (some of whose history books, incidentally, stop at 1919) were astounded to learn that Nira and Sheila wore the same clothes as white Americans, attended a state university, were preparing to be teachers and worshipped the same God. But they seemed even more impressed by the common courtesies accorded Nira and Sheila by the men students of Project India — opening doors for them, helping them on with coats, carrying their bundles.

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"That answers my doubts about treatment of Negroes in the United States," one Indian student said later.

At the close of each visit to an Indian school, the American students solemnly presented the president with a blue and gold UCLA pennant bearing the University seal and motto, "Let There Be Light," and a copy of the freshman handbook. These simple gifts were warmly accepted.

Indian students are political-minded for two reasons: (1) they have been closely tied to India's intense nationalism from the "Quit India" days of 1942 to the present; and (2) because of lack of extra-curricular activities such as football, dramatics, and dances, political discussion fills the outside-the-classroom void.

This is a set-up made to order for the Communists. And they have moved in to capitalize upon the average student's lack of information about the United States.

But in spite of certain faddishness at professing Marxist ideals and attitudes, the great mass of Indian students is still uncommitted. They are eager to learn more about the United States, and were astonished at the facts, figures, and points of view presented by Project India.

The American students did their best work, they felt, by being natural, informal, relaxed. They found it easier to make a convincing point when playing ping-pong, eating rice and curry with their fingers, or engaging in a good old "chew-the-rag" session. They found the "personality approach," as they called it, more effective than cold logic or beautifully polished phrases.

BEFORE leaving the United States, the 1954 UCLA group had studied India thoroughly. They'd had the experience of former Project India trips to draw upon. They'd talked with representatives of the U. S. State Department and the Indian Embassy — and thus knew the official points of view. But when they disagreed with the State Department, they frankly said so. When they split among themselves, for example, over the occupation of Goa or arms to Pakistan — they presented the conflicting points of view.

This hammered home one solid fact to their Indian listeners: in a democracy such as the United States, many points of view can exist. Freedom of speech and belief are far better than rigid party-line dogma. The Indians were highly impressed.

One of the best ways to break the ice with Indian students, the visitors discovered, was to accept a challenge to a game of basketball or volleyball. In a rousing contest, skin color, nationality, and religion were forgotten — and it became just one bunch of sweaty guys trying to score points on another.

And singing. Indians are a highly musical people, and from the experi-

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ence of previous groups, last year's Project India members knew they'd be asked to harmonize.

So they came prepared: college songs, Negro spirituals, Western songs, popular tunes. They always closed a song-fest with "America the Beautiful" — and then shamelessly won the hearts of their audience by singing the Indian national anthem, "Jana Gana Mana."

Building schoolhouses is a Project India tradition. On seven hot, wet monsoon mornings last summer, the UCLA gang laid a mud foundation, lashed a bamboo frame into place and hammered a tin roof on a schoolhouse for the Rishra Refugee Colony near Calcutta.

Manual labor is scorned by most Indian students. At first, there were only three or four curious onlookers staring at the addled Americans. But the Americans sang and joked as they worked — explaining that thousands of college students in the United States earn all or part of their expenses. At the end of a week, about 30 Indian students had pitched in to help.

By early September, it was time to go home. The steam-bath monsoons and the 16-hours-a-day schedule of speaking was beginning to wear the group down. Average loss of weight was 12 pounds. On September 10, the group said goodbye to India and flew home — convinced that in their 5,000-mile swing around that country, they had met the high standards set by two previous Project India groups of students.

Others apparently thought so, too. William T. Turner, American consul general in Bombay, summed up a six-page report to the State Department by declaring that the 1954 visit was "fabulous." An American newspaperman in Delhi said, "This is worth a million dollars to the USA." And not long ago Chester Bowles, ex-ambassador to India, said, "We need a half-dozen Projects India next summer."

THE COMMUNISTS had also taken sharp notice of Project India. They railed against it in Party newspapers. They sent hardened professionals to ask embarrassing questions whenever the Americans spoke. At Chenganur, forged telegrams were sent to cancel visits by the students to four outlying colleges.

The fact that all three Project India groups have been made up of private citizens, privately financed, and with no suspicion of government sponsorship, has been a significant factor in their effectiveness in nailing Communism's lies.

The impact made by Project India last summer might be summed up in what a Communistically-inclined law student in Lucknow said. "I may not agree with everything you say, or what your country does," he remarked thoughtfully. "But now I know that you Americans are sincere, intelligent, and honest. There is much in what you believe that finds a response in my heart."

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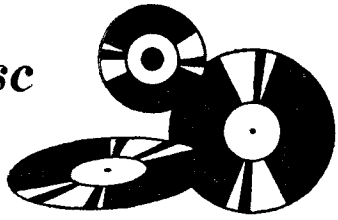
Sound on Disc



In 1832, Hector Berlioz wrote settings for six poems of Theophile Gautier. *Nuits d'été* was an incomparable blend of words and music, infinitely appealing in their delicate attenuation of the composer's orchestral genius. They were historic, too, for as musicologist Alfred Einstein has pointed out, they "sowed the seeds for the entire musical lyricism of the nineteenth century in the French language — in its color, noble sentimentality, and refined sensuousness and grace."

Until Eleanor Steber's recording for Columbia of the *Nuits d'été*, I had treasured Suzanne Danco's performance. Steber's superlative rendition, however, opens new vistas into these beautiful songs. Her voice is richer and truer, her pace more stately, her phrasing impeccable. In comparison, Danco is almost shrill and hurried. For Berlioz lovers, and I know there are many among my readers, the Steber record will be a treasured addition to the growing library of this great French composer's works.

Somewhat in the novelty class is M-G-M's *Spanish and Latin-American Music* for unusual instrumental combinations. *Ocho por Radio*, a posthumously published composition by Silvestra Revueltas, the *Ritmo Jondo* of Carlos Surinach, and *Choros No. 7* by Heitor Villa-Lobos are interesting and clever. They make use of primitive modalities — Mexican, Spanish gypsy, and Brazilian — superimposed on modern tonalities of charming sophistication. A fourth selection, *Toccata for Percussion Instruments*, by the Mexican, Carlos Chavez, is both pretentious and dull. Performance by Izler Solomon and the M-G-M Chamber Orchestra is excellent, and so is the fidelity of recording.

On the subject of recording, there is a new album by Capitol — *Further Studies in High Fidelity*. This is a selection from Capitol records, chosen because of the range of sounds they represent and the faithfulness with which they have been captured. Both popular music and the more serious forms are included, handsomely packaged with twelve

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pages of text explaining the dynamics of sound and the mechanics of recording.

In my March column, I commented that folk singer Susan Reed was "more highly" rated by the *Daily Worker* than by me. Elektra, which issued the record I was discussing, informs me that it had been assured by Miss Reed that she had appeared once only before a Communist-front group, in a booking arranged by her agent. The public prints, including the *Daily Worker*, show otherwise.

The folk field is perhaps the most thoroughly infiltrated area in music today — and I am glad to acknowledge that Elektra has scrupulously sought to avoid giving the comrades aid and comfort. As to Miss Reed, I can only repeat what I said to Elektra. Miss Reed lent her name and talent to Red-front groups of her own free will. She must renounce them in the same spirit. I suggested that and explained that when she was ready to make an uncompromising statement of a pro-American position, I would be glad to publish it in this space. At press time, such a statement had not yet been received by me. — R. de T.

Columbia's *Strange To Your Ears* approaches sound on the bias. Jim Fassett has taken a whole collection of noises and other assaults on the ear and, by tinkering with speed and volume, shows us what these sounds really are. A canary's trill, slowed down to one-eighth of its speed, becomes a fascinating demonstration of the complexity of that common sound. Human speech electronically dissected, what a pure note is compared to the overtones of a struck piano key, and the anatomizing of a score of other sounds — all these are part of this tremendously interesting record. You will find it both educational and rewarding fun.

Among the 45 rpm Extended Plays, I heartily recommend Columbia's *Jammin' At Condon's*, which brings Eddie Condon and his All-Stars to us in a fine demonstration of the Dixieland style which they have kept alive. I am also fond of M-G-M's *Latin American Dixieland*, in which Panama Francis and his Dixie Don Juans run through some of the jazz standards. The title is a gag. This is strictly American two-beat music.

In a sentimental mood, there is Joni James in *Little Girl Blue*, which includes two songs I particularly like — *These Foolish Things* and *It's the Talk Of the Town*. Miss James has a sweet voice, good taste, and fine phrasing — and, best of all, she makes no attempt to turn every tune into a dirge. There are few enough like her, and this M-G-M album, to which David Terry's orchestra adds unexceptionable support, gives her a perfect opportunity to display her talents.

— Ralph de Toledano

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The House of
100,000 WONDERS

BY LAURENCE JAEGER

If you ever need a suit of medieval armor, an 1890-model barber's chair, or an authentic French Revolutionary guillotine (it'll do everything but cut), you can stop worrying about where to get it.

In the heart of New York City's famous Hell's Kitchen, in an inconspicuous brick building crowded between teeming tenements, you can find any one of them. What's more, you'll also find nearly 100,000 *other* items, so varied in size, shape, origin, period, and usefulness that it would take an expert appraiser literally weeks just to catalogue them all.

Encore Studio is the name painted on a small sign outside this building. For half a century, it has been supplying every manner of hard-to-find article to the directors of stage plays, musical comedies, ballets, operas, movies — and in recent years, television shows and advertising photography. Over the years, Encore Studio has accumulated so vast a stock of furniture, art objects, jewelry, appliances, weapons, tools, implements, historical relics, and assorted bric-a-brac that today the 6-story building can barely hold it all.

The English language simply contains no word capable of properly describing the astounding assortment of articles to be found there. All of them are in perfect or near-perfect condition. They have to be — for almost daily, any one of the 100,000 pieces may be called for without advance notice by any of the host of directors, producers or stage managers in New York, the nation's busiest theatrical metropolis. To them, Encore is a synonym for the place to find some obscure prop or background article without which a vital setting is incomplete or the crucial scene just cannot be played.

For instance, as just a small sample, the basement of the Studio contains what may be loosely classified as vehicles, outdoor appurtenances and "specialized" equipment. There is an unbelievable range of fake rocks (all sizes and shapes), trees and tree stumps, plots of "grass" (all heights), water pumps,

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medical examination equipment, surgical operating tables, buggies, wagons, carriages, rickshas, fences, stockades, gates, coal stoves, gas ranges, stovepipes, bedsprings, fireplaces, and braziers. With these are such miscellaneous items as butter churners, Indian war drums, ticket racks like those used in railroad stations, and even a cow that moos! Oddly enough, this last gets many calls for television shows.

The first floor houses an even odder conglomeration. Here you'll find what may very well be the largest collection of weapons outside the national arsenal — pistols, rifles, blunderbusses, knives, daggers, stilettos, scimitars, swords, foils, lances, spears, shields, bayonets, clubs, and even tomahawks. None of them, of course, are in working condition. In addition, there are boar heads, bear heads, elk heads, tiger heads, moose heads, not to mention human heads and skulls.

There are also motorcycles, bicycles, wheelchairs, throne chairs, sedan chairs, chariots, pillars, columns, statues, fire hydrants, lamp posts, street signs, mantels, lintels, anchors, winches, ship's wheels, water wells, telescopes, telephones (all periods and styles), crowns, tiaras, washstands, sinks, old-fashioned victrolas, bells, balls, bowls, bales, stilts, quilts, and, last but not least, a group of Egyptian mummy cases realistic enough to give you the screaming meemies if you stumbled across them in a dimly-lit room.

Possibly the prize exhibit of all, though, is suspended from the ceiling on the fourth floor. There the casual visitor beholds a horrifyingly lifelike "man," impeccably dressed and totally dismembered. The four limbs and the head hang at

rakish angles near the body and, according to the Encore staff, "he" is a popular prop for roughhouse comedy shows and sketches on stage and television.

Any one of the Encore crew can recall in a matter of seconds precisely where on the six floors any one of their 100,000 curiosities is kept. Each object has a place — whether a cranny, corner, or crevice — as logical to the Encore people as it is mystifying to the outsider. The huge collection is added to constantly and there is scarcely a piece that *nobody* has ever wanted. Many of the articles are valuable antiques.

As one of the Encore crew said

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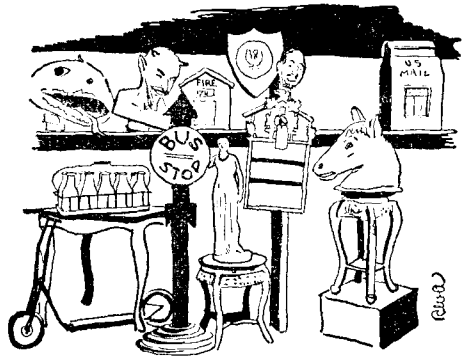
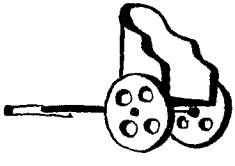
recently, "In this line you get to be an expert on furniture, art, clothing, customs, manners, and even history. You have to know exactly what was used and where and when and how and by whom. If a drawing-room chair in a costume drama isn't authentic and some expert who happened to see it on television writes to the station and complains, you can bet *we* hear about it soon enough!"



In line with Encore's effort at complete authenticity, the Studio contains a well-outfitted carpentry and tool shop. There practically anything under the sun can be made — or duplicated — if it isn't already in stock. In addition, irreplaceable old items are kept in good repair and the paint brush is always handy.

Encore Studio has an important economic role in the New York theatrical world. For example, if television networks had to accumulate their own stock of odd props and settings for every conceivable need, there is no doubt that they would have to spend good-sized fortunes yearly in purchasing, repair, and storage, with almost no chance of earning it back. Similarly, stage and operatic producers, who generally operate on far smaller budgets than TV stations, would be faced with an impossible task. For all of them to be able to turn to a fabulously-equipped place like Encore is more than a convenience. It is a business necessity.



Here, then, is the secret behind much of the amazingly realistic-looking background paraphernalia you behold on your television screen or in advertising photography nearly every day of the week. So the next time you see someone in a 1910-costume play put down the stereopticon, turn off the great horned victrola on a dado-laden post-Victorian buffet, and walk over to the crank-style telephone to call Central, try to get a really close look at any one of these museum pieces. *If* the actor happens not to pick it up just right, and *if* the camera man happens to shoot just the slightest bit off the correct angle, *and* if your eyes are sharp enough, you can bet a French Revolutionary guillotine against an Egyptian mummy case that somewhere on the prop you'll see a little white sticker that says "Property of Encore Studio."

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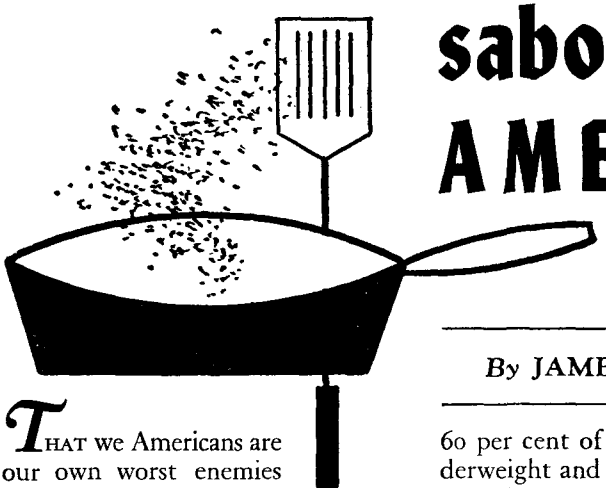
how FOOD is sabotaging AMERICA



★ ★ ★

By JAMES F. SCHEER

THAT we Americans are our own worst enemies in regard to food is clearly evident from the ground up to our well-covered dining tables. That we hardly even realize this is clear in our few efforts to correct a situation that threatens our health and the very survival of our nation.

A full stomach is not the sign of a well-fed man. Many of us are overfed and undernourished. A number of studies have shown this bald fact. The Pennsylvania Mass Studies in Human Nutrition, the most complete study of our eating habits and what they are doing to our bodies, kept a careful check on the diet of 12,000 Americans of all ages. The results are alarming.

In families with a yearly income from $2,500 to $7,000 — those with average incomes — it was found that 60 per cent of the women were underweight and not taking in enough vitamins, minerals, and proteins. Fifty per cent of the teen-age daughters were far underweight. All of them lacked Vitamin D to the extent that their bones had improper density. Twenty to 33 per cent had iron and calcium deficiencies.

Men and boys showed a frightening lack of Vitamin C, mainly because they shied from green salads, "rabbit food." Sixty per cent of the boys were underweight. Vitamin B deficiencies were evident in nervous habits and quick fatigue. More than one-fifth of the lads had retarded skeletal development.

Although children under 12 had the best health ratings, most of them lacked Vitamin A and C. About 25 per cent of them had lagging development of bones.

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What are the reasons for malnutrition in this land of plenty? What are we Americans doing to ourselves?

We are abusing our soils and food supply from the ground up to our stomachs. We are paying for our follies in eating. We are paying for the typical American "no breakfast" habit. We are paying for not knowing which foods have nutritional value and which only seem to have. We are paying for eating and running American style, for quickie lunches — a carbonated beverage and dry white bread sandwiches — for choosing foods that have lure rather than vital minerals, vitamins, and proteins.

WHERE does the sabotage of food and our national health start? Right in the abuse of the soils. In each bushel of wheat, potatoes, and corn, we remove more minerals than we return to the soil in the form of natural and chemical fertilizers. It is time that we began to examine our food. Like the dollar bill, it may look about the same as it did 20 years ago, but it is actually worth far less.

With farmers going all out to get more bushels per acre, they often overwork their ground, not giving it proper rest, not feeding the soil so that it, in turn, can feed us. The cycle must be complete. Men such as Louis Bromfield in *Malabar Farm* and other books, and William Vogt in *Road to Survival* have shown the importance of this point.

To get from the earth, we must give back. The boast of farmers is that they are getting greater yields per acre and feeding more people. It is true that yields are greater, but the foods grown contain less and less of the values our bodies require for abounding good health. Farmers who cut corners on fertilizers — who wear out the earth — would do well to realize that they are not making permanent profit.

Overworking the soil is not the only sabotage to our food supply. Since the growth of large cities, we frequently must buy produce from distant farms. This leads to another deduction from total food value. Sunlight and air remove more from vegetables and fruit in markets. Quick-frozen vegetables and fruit offer a decided advantage over most fresh types shipped long distances.

As a nation we must begin growing up, so far as choosing foods is concerned. The reasons for this are pointed out by Dr. Michael J. Walsh, consulting nutritionist and past-president of the American Academy of Applied Nutrition and of the American Foundation of Dental Science, who states:

"In the days when our great-grandparents crossed the plains — in days before 'labor-saving' devices — life was a physically active affair. Yet the tempo was leisurely. The average man's dietary intake had a count of 4,500 to 6,000 calories. The

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pioneer woman's diet averaged 3,000 to 4,000 calories daily.

"Out of this number of calories, the natural foods of that time were ample to furnish the needed amounts of nutrients. Because of the mechanization of our age, the average man's capacity does not exceed 2,000 to 2,400 calories daily. The vast majority of our women do not have a metabolic capacity of even 2,000 calories daily; and yet, out of these few calories, it is necessary to get *each* and *every* one of the essential nutrients."

THE FACT that we are filling up on many foods, processed to near death of vital nutrients, shows that we only think we are getting what we need for good physical and mental health.

In the matter of food choice, there is definite cause for alarm in that, as a nation, we are using less and less of the most nearly perfect food available — milk. Department of Agriculture figures show use of milk per person to have dropped in 1953 from 1952 and 1951 figures. Use of cream has gone from 56 pounds per person in 1950 to 52 pounds in 1953.

These statistics show that inferior beverages are crowding out one of the most important foods from our daily life and health. While some liquids add only energy value to a meal, milk offers this as well as proteins, minerals, and vitamins.

One of nature's whole foods, milk is a treasury of calcium in a form that the body can readily absorb for stronger teeth, better bones and muscles, and steadier nerves. If we fail to get enough calcium, the body, for survival, draws this precious mineral from its storage — our skeleton. The bones pay the penalty. That is why children on diets with little or no milk suffer softening of the bone — bow legs or other bone distortions.

What is the minimum need of milk in the diet for good health? Studies by the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics show that adults should have at least one pint a day and children one quart.

Processing, refining, and preserving of foods take a healthy cut out of their nutritive values — a cut of which most of us are not aware. One specific example is pasteurizing of milk. A battle between medical men has been going on for some time over pasteurization. Some say it's a boon. Others say it's a curse.

Experiments on cats by Dr. Francis M. Pottenger, Jr., reported in the *American Journal of Orthodontics and Oral Surgery*, revealed that those fed raw milk and raw meat scraps reproduced a homogenous strain and were healthier in every respect than those fed on pasteurized milk. Cats fed pasteurized milk and raw meat showed less reproductive efficiency and also skeletal changes.

Unfortunately, subtractions of food value through handling, processing, and preservation occur not

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only in milk but in other much-used products.

Bread is still called "the staff of life." With the thought that a staff denotes a support, let's consider bread made from white, bleached, highly-refined flour. Let's see what has happened to the American loaf.

BEFORE the shift of population from farm and small town to cities, grains were harvested and used whole or crudely ground between stones into meal. This product was prepared as porridge or baked into bread and cakes. Grains were stored in whole harvested form to be ground just before their use.

The growth of cities brought specialization of crafts and trades, and millers began grinding grains for bakers and home users of meal.

Our industrial era — plus the carefully cultivated illusion that "refinement" always means cultural advance — helped reduce wheat and other grains to lowest nutritive terms. A small number of large corporations soon were grinding and milling grains with high speed equipment.

This was quick death to life-giving parts of grain. From the whole grain, the essential bran, the germ, and middling were removed. These three parts were unwanted by-products fed to livestock. Thus the millers started a trend toward feeding the best parts to cattle and hogs and saving the rest for their countrymen.

Once the grain was milled, it could not be stored long without sprouting, deteriorating, or becoming host to insects. To overcome the storage problem, millers found a way of mechanically aging and bleaching flour with nitrogen trichloride — called Agene.

For almost 30 years, while nitrogen trichloride was being eaten with flour and breads, nutritionists had strong suspicions that it was harmful. Finally in 1951, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration banned Agene as a bleaching agent for flour. However, a new preservative took its place — a preservative whose effects on the human body are not known. This happened despite a Supreme Court decision in 1918 that any adulteration of flour with any poisonous substance in any quantity was a violation of the Pure Food Law.

Much has been said about loss in food value of highly milled and processed flours and meals, but little has found its way into print. Recent findings of Dr. T. K. Cureton, head of the University of Illinois' Physical Fitness Laboratory, show the value of wheat germ oil in our daily diet. Indirectly, they point to what is happening to our bodies due to the elimination of the germ of wheat from flour and bread. A teaspoon of wheat germ oil and a regular exercise program stepped up the physical capacity and endurance of men more than 50 per cent.

No better evidence of bread, flour, and cereal impoverishment exists

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than today's enrichment programs. You don't have to enrich food that is already rich. For all the "enriching" of our bread, everything originally taken out of the grain of wheat is not put back in. It must be admitted, however, that enrichment is at least a small step in the right direction.

HOW FOOD is sabotaging America is most visible in the mouths and bony structures of the younger generation, the progeny of parents and grandparents who lived through the age when grains, sugars, and other edibles were over-refined.

Statistics show an average of 15 cavities in the mouth of each youth in the prime years, which speaks a good case for malnutrition despite full stomachs.

What is happening in the mouths of America is happening in the bones and tissues of the rest of our bodies. Faulty diets are the subtle saboteurs that invite rickets, pellagra, scurvy, beriberi, and 200 or more other labeled deficiency diseases. They also play host to other unwelcome but persistent guests — overwhelming fatigue that destroys morale, easy susceptibility to colds, nervousness, insomnia, and a variety of aches and pains, sluggishness and fuzzy-mindedness.

As we assemble the total food picture, it is not a pleasant sight. From the ground up to our tables, certain deductions in food values are taking place.

Our future depends first on the farmer who has an opportunity to protect himself and his country by returning minerals which he takes out of the soil with crops and livestock. Our future depends upon millers, bakers, food processors, and handlers — upon us to use, rather than to abuse, our food supply.

★

The Legend of the Dogwood

AT THE TIME of the Crucifixion the dogwood attained the size of the oak . . . so firm and strong was the tree, it was chosen for timber for the cross. To be used for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this and in His gentle pity for all sorrow and suffering, said to it: "Because of your regret and pity for My suffering, never again shall the dogwood tree grow large enough to be used for a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross — two long petals and two short petals. And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there will be nail prints brown with rust and stained with red, and in the center of the flower will be a crown of thorns, and all who see it will remember.

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Mysterious WHITE INDIANS *of Panama*

By ALBERT A. BRANDT

RECENTLY, anthropologists were electrified by news that the legend of a mysterious race of white Indians dwelling deep in the jungle fastness of Panama had been confirmed.

These Indians — whose origin is an enigma — are not related to the well-known San Blas white Indians who dwell along the Gulf of Darien coast of Panama and have been visited frequently by white men. The San Blas are "ordinary" Indians who — perhaps through an excess of inbreeding — have a considerable proportion of albinos in their tribe.

But the white Indians of the Panama jungles are not albinos. They are white exactly as the Caucasian race is white. Why, nobody knows.

And their customs are as strange as their whiteness. In their way of life — their puberty, courtship, and marriage customs; their legends and superstitions; and their methods of warfare — they are different from any other known Indian tribes.

Perhaps — as some anthropologists have conjectured — they are not Indians at all, but the descendants of colonists from ancient times. Legends of white colonists and white gods, such as Quetzalcotl, among Central and South American Indian tribes are common.

At any rate this strange white-skinned tribe — known as the Chocos — has been visited by only three Caucasians to date, insofar as is known. The first was Major Maulsburg of the Panama Canal Zone survey; the other two were Dr. Matthew W. Stirling of the Smithsonian Institute and his wife. The Swedish ethnologist, Erland Nordenskiold, visited the borders of Chocoland but did not actually go inside.

The reason the Chocos have not been visited more often is obvious from a study of the region. They dwell in the hot, steaming mangrove jungles that extend right to the water's edge along the muddy reaches of the Sambu River and its tributary streams. Although banana boats are

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now beginning to ascend the Sambu some distance, their crews seldom even see the elusive Chocos, who melt into the jungle like wraiths at their approach. The "white man" who goes ashore — except at one of the infrequent trading posts — might be welcomed by the dart of a blowgun or a poisoned arrow; the Chocos are formidable fighters. Finally, there is little wealth in the area to attract trade.

In addition, the Chocos do not live in villages but in individual homes well back from the streams, each surrounded by its own small cleared space where bananas, maize, and rice are cultivated. Sometimes a sharp eye will detect the faint path leading back from the riverbank into the jungle or a canoe that was dug out of a hardwood tree trunk, resting on the shore, but that's all. The Chocos are spread out along hundreds of miles of waterways, and they number no more than a few hundred altogether.

THEIR LIFE is full of paradoxes. For one thing, no Choco girl would even consider marrying a suitor who couldn't beat the daylights out of her, for such a weakling would be unable to maintain discipline in the home and would be a poor warrior. So, after a romance has reached the proper stage, the couple stages a public fight to which relatives and friends are invited from miles up and down stream. Only after everybody of consequence has arrived does the brawl commence. Weapons are tooth and claw, fist and foot and the only rule is that permanent damage must not be done.

By the time the fight has progressed a few seconds, both participants are stark naked; the Chocos wear very little anyway. It is a matter of honor with the bride-to-be to get in some punishment, for otherwise she would be considered lacking in strength and spirit. The suitor who escapes without getting a few handfuls of hair ripped out of his scalp, his face and chest lacerated with nail-scratches, and a few chunks bitten out of his muscles is rare — and also does not consider himself fortunate.

Furthermore, the fond maiden does not cry "Uncle" after she has taken a few punches, but continues to fight until she is literally unable to move. This is the first, last, and only time a Choco couple battles physically.

After the battle, the spectators toss the couple into the river to bathe their wounds and cool off. Then there's a big drunk on beer made from maize in which both sexes participate.

After the suitor has whipped his girl friend to her satisfaction, he must also take on her father. In this battle he must not beat the father into submission, but he must hand

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out enough punishment to prove that he is a real he-man; otherwise the father will call the marriage off.

Physically and mentally the Chocos do not resemble the neighboring tribes at all, but are more like the Mediterranean peoples, another indication of their mysterious origin. Their skins are very light brown and many are actually blond. Their hair is soft and fine. Quite a few are redheads.

Tall, long-legged, beautifully proportioned, the Chocos are a handsome race. They have magnificent white teeth which, however, they disfigure by chewing the roots of a wild pepper plant which dyes their teeth black. Unlike most primitive tribes, the Choco women preserve their good looks for many years, and it is almost impossible to tell the age of one of these women by her appearance. The women are high-breasted, slim-waisted, and extremely graceful, but they eat so well that they have a tendency to grow fat. Good humor and a tendency to play practical jokes are tribal traits.

Even by our standards, the Chocos have many material comforts. Their plantation houses are better built, more hygienic and comfortable than those of any other Indian tribe. These houses are often fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, the longer side always facing toward the river.

Houses are built on palm posts which raise the floors (of split and flattened palm logs) about eight feet from the damp, serpent-infested ground. The sides are open, providing good ventilation, while the roofs are of palm thatch. In one corner is the hearth — a baked clay floor on which stones are placed to elevate the cooking utensils.

On each side of the house is a separate porch-like extension, in which the married daughters live with their families. The remainder of the family lives in the main area.

This lack of privacy does not disturb the Chocos, who have no artificial modesty. Due to the warm climate they find clothing practically unnecessary; in fact they often go about naked. Some of the men wear loincloths while some of the women wear brief skirts which extend from the waist to the knees, but even this clothing is a matter of personal preference.

However, the Chocos make up in adornment what they lack in garments. According to their whim and the change of "styles," they paint their bodies in various ways, using black and red pigments made from jungle plants. Sometimes all the men and women will be painted black from the waist down and red from the waist up. At other times, the black may extend clear up to the line of the mouth and ear, with only the upper head red. At still other times, one of the colors may be omitted entirely, or only the hands and feet may be painted.

For great occasions — such as feast

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days — the body painting may be very elaborate, consisting of a multitude of intricate geometrical patterns with the two colors alternating. These paint jobs — if not "touched up from time to time" — wear off in about three weeks, after which somebody starts a new style.

The women wear necklaces of red, white, and blue beads and old silver coins which have been taken in trade from other tribes. They also wear gold rings in their ears and noses; the nose rings are worn from babyhood throughout life and are not removed even after death. Other adornments are bands of strong canvas bespangled with white beads worn around the legs. It is considered chic if these bands are so tight that the leg muscles bulge abnormally.

THE CHOCOS are a very fastidious people. Their huts and cooking utensils are kept scrupulously clean, in striking contrast to other South American Indians. They sleep beneath mosquito nettings. To keep the multitudinous dogs out of the house, they have "steps" made of a log notched on one side only; when they want the dogs to stay on the ground they merely rotate this log so that the notched side is underneath.

Probably no primitive tribe bathes more frequently than do these people. Immediately upon arising, the entire household goes bathing in the river, and in the hot season this process may be repeated as many as ten times a day.

As previously mentioned, the Chocos live well. Excellent agriculturists, they have plenty of fruit, vegetables, and grain. The women brew the potent maize beer which the entire tribe drinks heavily at every opportunity. The women weave exquisite baskets, hammocks, and bark cloth while the men are proficient wood-carvers — utensils, statuettes, spears, and so on.

For meat, the men spear the fish that infest the rushing streams and hunt tapir, deer, and peccary with spear and bow and arrow. Except for the white man's coins, beads, and brightly-colored cotton cloth — which are used solely for ornamentation — they are totally independent of the outside world. A few Chocos have acquired firearms and ammunition in trade with other tribes, but they don't find them very efficient in the dense jungles.

Until they attain the age of puberty, children of both sexes mingle indiscriminately and are generally naked. Then, however, the girls are given *parimas* (skirts) and the boys don the loincloth *antias* — which makes courtship a formal affair. The girls move into the porches where they will ultimately live with their husbands, and each porch is provided with its own notched-log steps.

Courtship is common but extramarital relations are absolutely prohibited. The girl who "goes too far" and conceives must marry the man

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immediately or is disowned by her family and sent into the jungle, from which she cannot return. These outcast Choco girls have frequently made their way to other tribes and settled among them, a possible reason for the scattering of white blood through many Central American tribes.

Once a couple decides to marry, they merely move into the girl's porch and set up housekeeping. The Chocos are prolific and children are generally numerous; after a while they may build a home of their own up or down river. Polygamy is seldom if ever practiced except when the first wife does not conceive after about three years. Then a second wife is permissible — provided the man is capable of supporting both.

The chocos treat their women well. Women have property rights, owning plantation land inherited from their parents and also jewelry and household utensils. Husbands generally are faithful, while the unfaithful wife is punished by exile. Due probably to the ease of obtaining a living, marriages may be broken up as easily as they are arranged; a husband or wife may merely say, "I'm moving in with So-and-So," and the marriage is dissolved. Under such circumstances, if the wife deserts her husband for another, she cannot take her children with her; if the husband deserts, he loses all claim to them.

In spite of their high birth rate, the Chocos are rapidly dwindling in numbers, due primarily to accidents — such as snake-bites and jungle injuries — and pulmonary diseases. Whether or not our medicines will help them remains to be seen.

What is the explanation of the Choco white Indians of Panama? Were their forebears members of our own race who migrated to Panama in more recent times and established a colony that has not been diluted through miscegenation? Might they be of Viking descent, for example?

Nobody knows with certainty. They have strange customs which point to European, Egyptian, or western Asiatic origin. For example, they believe in the evil eye. Their medicine-men are so superior to those of other tribes that neighboring tribes refer to them as "white gods" or "white devils" — depending on whether good or evil is being worked.

Whatever the truth may be, it will probably be revealed soon. Major Maulsburg, for example, went far up the Sambu (as far as the Rio Pavarondo); others will follow. As the banana and hardwood trade increases, the Chocos will lose their shyness and anthropologists will have opportunity to study their myths and legends.

When that happens, the mystery of the white Indians of Panama will be a mystery no longer. Its solution may prove one of the most amazing chapters of human history ever revealed.

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Do You Know That—

According to a released Soviet slave laborer who met former employees of government ministries in the notorious Vorkuta camps, half of the entire coal production and 80 per cent of the wood supply of the Soviet Union is produced by forced labor. Without the prison labor system, therefore, Soviet industrial activity would be at a standstill.

The State Department has a startling collection of confiscated listening devices which were used to spy on U.S. officials stationed behind the Iron Curtain. All were removed either from American diplomatic buildings or living quarters.

The U.S. Bureau of Printing and Engraving delivers over $11½ billion in new bills a year.

George E. C. Hayes, Negro lawyer nominated by President Eisenhower to the District of Columbia Public Utilities Commission, was last in the news when he acted as attorney for Mrs. Annie Lee Moss.

Experts on the Soviet economy are wondering if the Russians will repeat in 1955, last year's "extraordinary" call to members of the Pioneers (ages 9–14) and Komsomols (14–26) to help avert a farm crisis by assisting at the harvest of spring crops.

Over 185½ million local and long distance telephone calls are made in the U.S. daily, 17 million of them in New York City.

With fewer than 1,000 collective farms still functioning at all, down from a peak of almost 7,000, Yugoslavia has quietly abandoned the attempt to force this type of agricultural socialization on her peasant population. Instead, it was announced, the trend will be toward "cooperatives" and "Communes."

Thanks to the involved procedures and processes of Civil Service rules, fair employment regulations, veterans' rights, appeals boards, and court proceedings, it took the government five years and at least half a million dollars to discharge one Federal employee.

According to Chinese scholars, movable type was invented in China during the eleventh century, 400 years before Gutenberg.

In their postwar stripping of heavy industry from Eastern Germany, the Russians dismantled factories producing baby food.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

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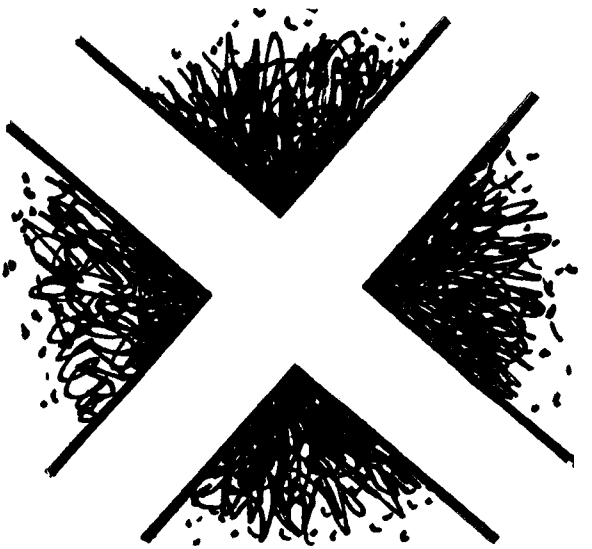
Toll Roads to the Rescue

BY GILBERT HILL



PRIVATE enterprise had to take over to solve the nation's traffic jam on its main roads. That is the significant fact largely overlooked, so far, in the rapid growth of toll roads throughout the country. This appears to be a new and apparently quite successful method of financing and building roads. But even more, it marks a reversal of the trend so many Americans fear — that of depending more and more upon government for more and more things.

Most startling has been the rapid growth of toll roads — the private business method of building highways. It was only 15 years ago that the first 160-mile leg of the famous Pennsylvania Turnpike was opened to traffic. Americans, by tradition, do not like toll roads, or toll bridges, or toll tunnels, or anything else toll, for which they feel they've already paid through taxes.

Yet, from that 1940 start, 25 states now have some form of laws governing, or establishing, toll road authorities. There are only 11 states

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where the question has not yet been raised officially.

There are now 701 miles in operation in eight states — and 6,497 more miles being built, financed, or studied, in 27 states, with the latter figure including roads being extended or proposed in areas which have had them longest, and know most about their practical operation.

For years, Americans have fought the whole idea of toll roads. We like "free" highways — traditionally. But something has happened and the public approves. What has happened? The usual explanation is that the nation needs the new roads, but can't find the way to build them without boosting taxes, which are already too high.

But, the toll road boom started during a period when taxes were just beginning to really climb — when this country still was trying to find ways to use public tax money to put men to work during a depression.

The original Pennsylvania Turnpike was financed by government funds. There was an outright grant of $29,250,000 from Public Works Agency funds, which paid 40 per cent of the cost. And the remaining $43,800,000 in bonds were purchased by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Which is only another way of pointing out that the money probably is available through taxes. But the financial problem is to get the money collected for highway use spent on the roads that do the *greatest good* for the *greatest number of motorists.*

THE PUBLIC highway program has failed, therefore, because roads have been built where political pressure dictates, and not for the movement of traffic. Legislators know the problem. Many of them would like to vote for "through roads," and "limited access" public routes, but they're powerless. So, many of them have voted for "toll road authorities," that agency of the state established to build roads where they're needed.

As one legislator told me frankly, "I don't particularly care for toll roads. We probably could pay fork highways with taxes. But the toll road is one way to get that monkey off my back. The toll road board members don't have to get elected. They can build the roads where the engineers say they must go — and, in fact, have got to if they're going to pay off their bonds."

Look at the record. Every toll road built so far has been designed to serve the greatest possible number of *motorists*, and get them where they want to go as quickly as possible.

The bond holders' "profit motive," of course, gets both the credit — and the blame, if any — for doing a better job for motorists than government can possibly do. And no one can deny that, and that they've made money for the towns!

Since toll roads are all super-

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highway, limited access, by-pass routes, they have tended to dramatize the fact that the nation really needs two highway systems — one for local traffic to serve the towns, one for national traffic to serve the motorist.

New Jersey authorities, for instance, found that three out of every five cars moving over its new turnpike were from out-of-state. Pennsylvania is discovering that much of the traffic on its turnpike is huge, out-of-state trucks — which will grow even greater with completion of the Ohio and New Jersey routes. Oklahoma finds that nearly half the cars on the Turner Turnpike are from out-of-state — and they are now paying their way in tolls, plus the increased business for local motels and resorts, as in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, where toll roads have been established much longer.

THE "pay for what you get, and get what you pay for" school, with its wide implications to the future of American government activities, has thrived on the frequent charges that "road users' taxes" go mostly for something other than roads. No one really knows, apparently, how much actually is diverted, because no two states agree on what is a "road users' tax." But the Federal Bureau of Roads recognizes this distribution which builds up the highways serving local communities.

Thus, private enterprise not only builds the roads where more motorists want them, but sells taxpayers on the idea that they are getting value received for tolls paid. There are all kinds of implications and possibilities — yes, and dangers — in this new private enterprise agency by which government can "pass the buck" to do a job which government, itself, cannot do.

The typical "toll road authority" is, in reality, something brand new in American government-business organizations. As a private enterprise operation, none of the limits on bonded indebtedness, set by city charters, state laws, or any other regulation, can apply. The sky, and the lender's willingness to buy bonds, is the limit.

But it does get away from the deepest of all criticisms of the whole toll idea. Most toll hatreds stem from that old road or bridge which some private group built, never kept up, and collected tolls on for years. In some cases, the public road led straight to the private toll bridge and there was no other way to go.

Leaders, long faced with the "politically impossible" projects which every city needs, have been quick to see the possibilities in the privately operated, but government sanctioned, "authority."

However, private enterprise may have taken on a bigger job than it wants when it started the craze for toll roads! It will be up to local leaders to decide, and watch, how far we want to go in this new direction.

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APR 15

Let's Defend the Western Hemisphere

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

UNITED STATES SENATOR George W. Malone (R-Nev.) has laid the foundation for a new and refreshingly American foreign policy for the United States. But more about Senator Malone and his unique achievement presently. The significance and desirability of his proposal must be viewed against the background of its alternatives.

For the past 22 years, at least, American foreign policy has been played by ear. Much Soviet bewilderment must have resulted from the State Department's improvisations of policy from month to month. Now they see it; now they don't. One month tough; the next month timid. Now in the UN; now unilateral. The dangerous disadvantage of such vacillation is that it keeps the American people, as well as the men in the Kremlin, guessing.

The only approximation to consistency in the twentieth century diplomacy of the United States has been the State Department's self-appointed role as a mere branch of the British foreign office. Did America not fight two world wars to save the British Empire? And all to no avail. In 1917, after almost three years of dilly-dallying, the well-known pro-English bias of Woodrow Wilson, Walter Hines Page, and Col. Edward M. House, strongly reinforced by well-oiled British foreign-office propaganda and aided not a little by the characteristic

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stupidity of its German counterpart, maneuvered the United States into a European war which was patently none of our business.

Nor can there be any doubt that Winston Churchill, with the deliberate connivance of Franklin D. Roosevelt, dictated American entrance into another war which was equally none of our business, unless American foreign policy is to embrace the principle that some divine decree has ordained that American troops are to police the human race. American globalism is as wrong in principle as Soviet globalism. Any modern version of *Pax Romana* is indefensible.

MANY informed persons have commented on the State Department's subservience to the British foreign office. Among their comments, we find the following striking indictment of State Department employees and officials: "They should be working for Winston. As a matter of fact, a lot of the time, they are. Stop to think of 'em: any number of 'em are convinced that the way for America to conduct its foreign policy is to find out what the British are doing and then copy that." Are you wondering who said that? If we may believe Elliot Roosevelt, it was said by none other than his father, Franklin D. Roosevelt, at the second Cairo conference. It is, of course, pertinent to add that no State Department official could have worked harder for Winston than did the President of the United States himself.

Time and time again in modern history, American foreign relations have been conducted in secrecy. Woodrow Wilson's announced policy of "open covenants openly arrived at" mocked his own and other Presidents' diplomatic practice. In the most crucial periods of American history, when the vital interests and the future security of the nation were at stake, both the Congress and the people have been presented with a *fait accompli*. They have then no choice but to make the sacrifices required by the decision in which they did not in any way participate. In *The Grand Alliance*, Winston Churchill said: "Governments [meaning undoubtedly the heads of governments] . . . do not always take rational decisions. Sometimes they take mad decisions, or one set of people get control who compel all others to obey and aid them in folly."

In these circumstances — all too frequently present as a result of the secret diplomacy practiced by some American Presidents — it is idle to talk of a government which is responsive to the will of the people. It would be more fitting to speak of a government contemptuous of the will of the people. Such were the circumstances which surrounded the involvement of the United States in both World Wars. American entrance into these wars was the result of secret decisions of Presidents made

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with interests other than those of the United States in mind — and, incidentally, contrary to the interests of the world at large.

The conduct of foreign relations is doubly reprehensible when to secrecy is added duplicity. Americans have grown familiar with the Kremlin's practice of lying in its fake peace offensives. We condemn it unsparingly on high moral grounds. But how many Americans who take a high moral position with respect to the Communist leaders' lies are ready to take the same position with respect to Franklin D. Roosevelt who, as Clare Booth Luce dramatically observed in 1944, lied the American people into World War II? In judging Stalin and Roosevelt, millions of Americans, most of them self-styled liberals, adhere to a double standard. Stalin's lies (and those of his successors) were vicious; Roosevelt's, virtuous.

IN A BOOK entitled *Perpetual War For Perpetual Peace* (edited by Harry Elmer Barnes and published by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho) — a book which every American interested in the foreign policy of his government should read — the eminent journalist, William Henry Chamberlin, has called attention to the statements on peace and war made by Franklin D. Roosevelt during the election campaign of 1940.

In a speech delivered in Boston on October 30, 1940, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

Two days later in Brooklyn, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I am fighting to keep our people out of foreign wars. And I will keep on fighting."

In Rochester, New York, the following day, he said: "Your national government . . . is equally a government of peace — a government that intends to retain peace for the American people."

In Buffalo on the same day, he said: "Your President says this country is not going to war."

Finally, in Cleveland on November 3, Mr. Roosevelt told his audience: "The first purpose of our foreign policy is to keep our country out of war."

At the very time of these Presidential pronouncements on peace and war, Mr. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had been in secret and extensive correspondence involving the foreign policy of the United States. What little is definitely known about these highly important exchanges "inspires considerable doubt as to whether [their] main purpose was keeping America out of war," as William Henry Chamberlin puts it.

To the aforementioned book, *Perpetual Peace For Perpetual War*, Mr. Frederic R. Sanborn contributes a chapter entitled, "Roosevelt Is Frustrated In Europe." Concerning the secret Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence, the existence of which

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was revealed in the Tyler Kent case, Mr. Sanborn writes: "Very shortly thereafter, Mr. Roosevelt decided to ignore the regular procedure of transmitting diplomatic communications through ambassadors and Secretaries of State. Mr. Churchill has stated (*The Gathering Storm*, page 440) that on September 11, 1939, Mr. Roosevelt had requested him to send him personal sealed communications through the diplomatic pouches, and that there were about 2,000 (ibid, page 441), or 1,700 (*Their Finest Hour*, page 23), of these exchanges. The most important business between Britain and America was ultimately transacted through this personal and secret correspondence, and almost all of it has been kept secret to this day."

Harry Elmer Barnes himself writes: "The secret and all-important Roosevelt-Churchill exchanges, transcribed by Tyler Kent, have been hidden away and possibly destroyed. Legislation has been passed which would make it illegal to divulge their contents, even if the full record could be found. Once basic integrity is abandoned, there are no lengths to which falsification cannot easily and quickly proceed as the occasion and political expediency may demand."

Suppression of basic documents is one way of attempting to falsify history. Radio and television comedians make jokes about Soviet writers' distortions and falsifications of history; and historians of integrity do not hesitate to castigate the inventors of Soviet myths which are passed off on the Russian people as history. Here again, we are confronted by a double standard of morality; for in the United States, too, men influential in government and in the writing of history conspire to deceive and defraud the American people. Much of American history, perhaps most of it, is being written to support the party line, not to record or honestly to evaluate the events which go to the heart of national security. This so-called history would be more accurately described as party-line myth.

It is probably true that a majority of the American people would be content to have the foreign relations of this country conducted primarily within the framework of the United Nations. It is certainly true that the most influential section of American public opinion still labors under the fateful illusion that the United Nations is the world's best hope for peace. UN apologists and propagandists in the government, in the schools and colleges, in the press, in the civic clubs, and in the churches have brainwashed a majority of the American people into acceptance of the greatest peace hoax since the Kellogg-Briand Treaty outlawing war was signed by 62 governments and declared in effect on July 24, 1929.

Supporters of the UN do not blush, even a little bit, when they

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claim as one of its achievements a victory against Soviet aggression in the Korean war. They customarily speak of that conflict as a war of the UN versus Communist aggression. In reality, it was a war of North Korea, Communist China, Soviet Russia, *and* the UN versus the United States; and the decisive factor in the defeat of the United States was the UN.

Imagine, if you can, a chief of police praising one of his cops who, when face to face with an armed bandit, snapped handcuffs on his own — the cop's — wrists, in order to prevent the extension of violence. Such a cop would be sent to a mental institution. The only significant role of the UN in the Korean "police action" was to serve as handcuffs on the military might of the United States. The most competent military authorities who were directly concerned in the Korean conflict have testified to this effect. Nothing like it ever happened before in history. If majority public opinion prevails, the groundwork for another and more terrible military disaster for the United States is being prepared by those who ask that American foreign relations be conducted within the framework of the UN.

AMERICANS are in danger of letting their innate pacifism get the better of their far-sighted patriotism. Millions of them are ready to "buy the Brooklyn Bridge" if it is labeled "peaceful coexistence." A U.S.-imposed cease-fire in China and a policy of peaceful coexistence with Soviet banditry are two facets of a wicked conception. Well-meaning souls are deceived by its seemingly pious connotations, and are frightened out of their wits by H-bomb propaganda. Peaceful coexistence is a lovely arrangement in matrimony; and cease-fire is a most desirable objective for juvenile bands on New York streets. But, in the world-wide struggle between freedom and slavery, peaceful coexistence and cease-fire mean nothing more than freezing the status quo — to doom more than one-third of the human race to perpetual tyranny and torture. The employment of American armed power to impose a cease-fire agreement upon the Nationalist government of China would be to serve notice on the Soviet-enslaved peoples of the world that the United States is unfriendly to their liberation.

The time is long past due to take a leaf out of the Soviet book, in the formulation of an American foreign policy. Two principles of Soviet foreign policy are consistent and unalterable: (1) Soviet leaders from Lenin's time to the present have not been ashamed to act as Soviet Firsters, and have behaved as such undeviatingly; and (2) Soviet foreign policy for the past 37 years has kept at the top of the list the principle that the United States of America is *the enemy.*

An uncompromisingly *American*

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foreign policy would have, as the keystone of its arch, the principle of America First. This is, of course, damned as isolationism by all the Russia Firsters (of whatever country) and their unwitting handmaidens.

An uncompromisingly *American* foreign policy would recognize that the government of the Soviet Union is *the enemy*, that war in one form or another is inevitable as long as the Soviet state exists, that the unalterable objective of the Soviet state is world revolution and global imperialism.

An uncompromisingly *American* foreign policy would be based primarily upon the principle of making the Western Hemisphere the Gibraltar of freedom.

In an *American* foreign policy, as distinguished from American globaloney (a term coined by Clare Booth Luce), there is no room for vacillation (playing by ear), for tagging along with the British, for secret diplomacy, for lying about American foreign-policy objectives, for suppression of unpleasant facts, for yielding American sovereignty to the United Nations, or for using American armed force to freeze the status quo.

Instead of diffusing American strength throughout the world, instead of pursuing the policy of dollar-bought friendship — knowing that such friendship will not stay bought — there should be placed at the top of the list the principle of Hemispheric defense. There is nothing new in this principle.

On December 20, 1950, the greatest American statesman of the twentieth century, former President Herbert Hoover, addressed a nationwide radio audience and declared: "The foundation of our national policies must be to preserve for the world this Western Hemisphere Gibraltar of Western Civilization."

THE GREATEST single contribution offered for the implementation of this principle of Hemispheric defense has come from a Senate investigation and report of the Minerals, Materials, and Fuels Economic Subcommittee of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, under the chairmanship of United States Senator George W. Malone (R-Nev.). Senator Malone's report was issued on July 9, 1954. It "includes a summary of the 10 published volumes of evidence secured through 58 hearings and 360 witnesses over a 10 months' period held at Seattle, Wash.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Henderson, Nev.; Salt Lake City, Utah; and Washington, D. C."

No more important Senate report has been issued in our time. The gist of the subcommittee's findings is given in the letter of transmittal, as follows: "The committee determined that the Western Hemisphere can be defended and that it will be the only 'dependable' source of the necessary critical materials during any all-out world war."

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Senator Malone added the following pertinent observations: "The Western Hemisphere can be made self-sufficient in the production of the necessary critical materials for our peacetime economy and to conduct any all-out war. It contains nearly one-third of the land area and approximately one-seventh of the population of the world, and is still the historical 'New World.'

"Asia and 'Old Europe,' with 39 per cent of the land area, includes more than three-fourths of the population of the world.

"The advent of the long-range sonic speed bomber and fighter planes, guided missiles, radar control, and nuclear-powered submarines, through the use of new and improved materials, including uranium, titanium, columbium, thorium, zirconium, and tantalum has strengthened the defensive and offensive position of the Western Hemisphere."

BEFORE coming to the United States Senate in 1947, Senator Malone was an engineer of great distinction. No other Senator of comparable experience in the field of his investigation has ever sat in our highest legislative body. His long and patient, and largely unpublicized, assembling of data bearing upon our security and national survival constitutes a unique achievement in Congressional investigations.

The recommendations of Senator Malone's subcommittee provide a basis for a realistic and truly *American* foreign policy. These recommendations must be heeded before it is too late.

The text of the recommendations of Senator Malone's committee follows:

The availability of critical and strategic materials are vital to military security and to an expanding domestic economy. National survival in time of war depends on ample and uninterrupted supplies of the 77 such materials included in the report. To assure that imperative needs of the United States be met:

1. We recommend the closest cooperation among the nations of the Western Hemisphere, which is the only dependable source of the necessary critical materials in time of war. This area can be defended and can be made self-sufficient in the production of such materials. We recommend that the spirit of the 130-year-old Monroe Doctrine prevail in our relations with the nations of the Western Hemisphere.

2. We recommend that Congress insure that the regulation of foreign trade conforms to the principles thus laid down in article I, section 8, of the Constitution thus assuring the American workers and investors equal access to American markets.

3. We recommend eliminating our Nation's present dependency upon remote and possibly unfriendly or neutral areas of the world for the critical materials, without which we cannot conduct a war. The only tin smelter in

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the Western Hemisphere is in Texas City, Tex. The continued operation and maintenance of this smelter is essential to our security. The capacity meets our wartime needs.

4. We recommend increased depletion allowances to producers of critical minerals and materials as a further incentive to production.

Further studies should be made of the Canadian method of delayed taxation in connection with such critical mineral and material development.

5. We recommend acceleration of the Federal program of stockpiling critical and strategic minerals and materials to assure ready supplies in the event of war and coordination of this program with "going concern" production industries in the Western Hemisphere to assure continuation of necessary supplies under stress of war.

6. We recommend studies with a view to improve petroleum, gas, and coal resources and develop them to assure maximum availability of domestic fuels for both the peacetime economy and national security. Such studies should determine whether present regulations are unduly restrictive of our own resource expansion and reserves, and if so, regulations should be adjusted to maintain our self-sufficiency in these vital fuels.

7. We recommend increasing the production goal for titanium to 150,000 tons annual minimum without delay. Titanium is a new wonder metal. This is a military must. Contracts should be awarded without delay by the Government to qualified concerns prepared to contribute toward this goal. Civilian demands are tremendous for this heat-resistant high-strength-weight-ratio, noncorrosive, nonmagnetic metal.

This metal can become the basis for a $5 to $10 billion new civilian industry. Production of the long-range supersonic speed bombers and the necessary fighter planes will make obsolete any nation's air equipment built without it.

8. We recommend that goals for production of uranium for fuel be made adequate to meet both military and civilian requirements. Hemisphere self-sufficiency in uranium for fuels can be attained. A liberal long range market price must be maintained as long as Government control is necessary for security. A tremendous civilian potential use of uranium is assured based on nuclear power for industry.

9. We recommend a review of the work of the Securities and Exchange Commission by the appropriate committees of Congress to clarify its duties and responsibilities. The sale of securities affects the strategic materials program. It is recognized that the commission should assure full and complete information to potential purchasers of securities, and that its responsibility does not include determination of feasibility. Such congressional committee review should consider the advisability of a requirement that a thorough and confidential inquiry should precede any public announcement of an investigation of offered securities.

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10. We recommend determination by the Congress, through appropriate committees, of the precise duties and relationships between the multiple (approximately 38) agencies and branches of our Government responsible for stockpiling operations of critical materials.

The determination of these duties should precede the appropriation of funds for these agencies with the aim of facilitating their work and of fixing responsibility for the proper coordinated objectives.

11. We recommend appropriations of $50 million annually to establish and operate a comprehensive five-year program of laboratory, pilot-plant, and exploratory research into improved methods of beneficiation of critical materials and the study of substitutes, including synthetics and replacements.

We approve the research and studies conducted by the Bureau of Mines on the low-temperature carbonization of coal and we recommend that adequate funds be appropriated to conduct extensive studies and investigations of ways and means to revive the coal industry. These funds should be made available to be used independently or in conjunction with responsible privately operated companies and organizations.

It is recommended that research and pilot-plant work be continued. That the erection of a large-scale oil-shale plant be considered by industry in cooperation with the Government. Such plant would endeavor to advance the production of petroleum fuel on a commercial basis, and it would be available in a war emergency.

12. We recommend rejection of international controls of production, prices, and supplies of critical and strategic materials unless by legislative action by the Congress of the United States.

SENATOR MALONE'S investigation and report have smashed the foundations of the fallacious argument which has hitherto supported the compromising position of the United States Government on the increasingly urgent question of colonialism. The argument has been that the vital military needs of the United States require free and unrestricted access to raw and critical materials which are not available in the Western Hemisphere. To this end, the foreign policy of the United States Government has been compromised into a tacit support of a dying colonialism, by looking the other way wherever the aspirations of colonial and dependent peoples threaten to throw off the yoke of a decadent European imperialism.

The Cover This Month . . .

The artist has pictured the Multnomah Falls in Oregon. Falling in two stages from a total height of 620 feet, this beautiful waterfall is within view of travelers on the Columbia River Highway.

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